

The Nation and The Athenæum

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CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK	199	WINTER TRAVEL AND SPORT SECTION :—	
MR. BALDWIN AND HIS PARTY	202	Winter Travel	210
A CONTRAST IN VICEROYS	203	Winter Sports in Switzerland. By Peter Ibbetson	212
CHOOSING TENANTS. By the Chairman of a Housing Committee	204	Travel	215
LIFE AND POLITICS. By Kappa	205	Travel Books	216
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR: O.M.S. and Fascists (C. W. Wykeham-Fiennes); Sir Edward Grey (Leonard Woolf); The Food Council and the Bakers (J. Francis); "Literature in the Theatre" (W. A. Darlington); Nicknames for Headmasters (C. Sankey)	206	THE WORLD OF BOOKS :—	
STERNE'S GHOST. By Virginia Woolf	207	"A Painful Mystery." By Leonard Woolf	217
FROM ALPHA TO OMEGA. By Omicron	209	REVIEWS :—	
<i>All communications (accompanied by a stamped envelope for return) should be addressed to the Editor THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM, 38, Great James Street, W.C.1.</i>			
		The Critics on Chaucer. By George Saintsbury	218
		Alfred Marshall. By D. H. Robertson	219
		The Navy Through Foreign Eyes. By C. E. F.	219
		Fiction	220
		An Attractive Personality	220
		The Historical Side of Building	222
		Early Chinese Pottery	222
		REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES	224
		FINANCIAL SECTION :—	
		The Week in the City	226

EVENTS OF THE WEEK

THE twelve Communists who were arrested a fortnight ago have now, after a lengthy examination at Bow Street, been committed for trial by Sir Chartres Biron on a charge of having since January 1st, 1924, unlawfully conspired together to utter and publish seditious libels, and to incite to commit breaches of the Incitement to Mutiny Act, 1797. In addressing the Court, one of the defendants, Campbell, contended that no evidence had been given to show that Communists had ever incited a solitary soldier in real life. To this the Magistrate replied: "The law is against you there. It has been decided that that is not necessary." Campbell further argued that the case had been brought as the result of political pressure brought on the Government by outside forces, and in support of this contention quoted a resolution passed by the Unionist Party Conference at Brighton. The unusual character of these prosecutions is illustrated by the names of those who found bail for the defendants: Lady Warwick, Miss Lawrence, Miss Madeleine Symons, Mr. Brailsford, Mr. John Scurr, M.P., Mr. George Bernard Shaw, Colonel Wedgwood, M.P., and three Trade Union officials, Messrs. Hicks, Coppock, and Cook.

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Meanwhile great indignation has been aroused in the Labour Party by the withdrawal of a charge of larceny brought by the Director of Public Prosecutions against four members of the National Fascisti who removed a van containing 8,000 copies of the DAILY HERALD. The Public Prosecutor came to the conclusion, apparently, that there was insufficient evidence to support the charge of larceny and asked permission to reduce it to one of committing a breach of the peace. "I think the Public Prosecutor has been extremely lenient in withdrawing the larceny charge," said the Magistrate, Sir Vansittart Bowater, M.P., to the accused. "You have put yourselves in an extremely serious position, and if the case had gone on you would have been severely punished." The facts seem fully to justify this statement. A DAILY HERALD van was stopped in Bouverie Street by two men who displaced the driver and drove off. The van was

afterwards found against the railings of St. Clement Danes Church, having been in collision. The alleged object of this outrage was to delay the issue of the DAILY HERALD, and it is difficult to imagine that if the TIMES or the MORNING POST had received the same treatment from Communists a more serious view would not have been taken of the offence. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, at any rate, has not hesitated to express that opinion. "This most disgraceful procedure," he declares, "makes it impossible now to say that the Government, which presumably instructed the Public Prosecutor, has got the least regard for justice. I regard the whole affair as outrageous."

* * *

In a speech at Sheffield on Tuesday night, Mr. Churchill announced the lifting of the embargo on the issue of overseas loans in the London market. It is of some interest that this important step should be announced by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. It is not many months since Ministers, questioned on the subject in the House of Commons, professed ignorance of the existence of the embargo, and denied that it in any way concerned the Government. We are glad that the embargo has gone. It was a very crude device, producing various anomalies and abuses, which naturally tended to multiply as time went on. Moreover, as we have said more than once, it loaded the dice against the export trades. None the less, there is necessarily great uncertainty as to the consequences that will follow its removal. To some extent it will stimulate exports, because to some extent foreign loans are directly associated with the placing of orders in this country. But for the rest, additional foreign loans will cast an extra burden on the exchange; the exchange is none too strong at present, the Bank has already lost as much gold as it cares to, and it remains to be seen whether it will use its credits in New York. In short, the crucial test of the Gold Standard will now arise. The removal of the embargo will take some time, however, to make itself fully felt, and perhaps by the time it does the seasonal strain on the exchanges will be over. But the danger of dearer money and restricted credit remains a real one.

The result of the London Borough Elections has been a net gain by the Labour Party of about ninety seats, with a majority on eight of the twenty-eight Councils, and half the representation at Greenwich. In 1919, Labour won control of fourteen Councils, but at the last elections, in 1922, they retained a majority on only six. Following a campaign in which the "stunt" Press had appealed hysterically to all voters, and especially women voters, to "Keep out the Reds," this week's result is a remarkable achievement by Labour. The last thing we wish to see is an extension of "Poplarism," but it would be absurd to suggest that all Labour Councillors are irresponsible, and we cannot resist a feeling of glee that so gross an appeal to prejudice has largely failed. The discomfited newspapers have ridden off uneasily beneath the caption, "Red Attack on London Fails," but it is not to be expected that many even of their readers will be taken in by that. In eighty large towns, excluding London, where one-third of the Borough Councillors have been up for election, Labour has secured a net gain of forty-seven seats, at the expense of Conservatives and Liberals in almost equal numbers.

* * *

The prompt action of the League of Nations in the Macedonian frontier incident has had most satisfactory results. The withdrawal of Greek troops from Bulgarian soil was completed eight hours before the expiration of the time limit, and the Council has now appointed a Commission consisting of two military officers (French and Italian) and two civilians (Swedish and Dutch), under the presidency of Sir Horace Rumbold, the British Ambassador at Madrid, to inquire into the causes of the incident and fix the responsibility for its consequences. Meanwhile, General Laidoner, the special Commissioner appointed by the Council, has arrived at Mosul to investigate the complaints as to Turkish violations of the Brussels line and the deportations of Nestorian Assyrians. Yet another League Commission has been investigating Dr. Nansen's plan for the settlement in the Caucasus of Armenian refugees from Greece and Constantinople, and has set on foot preliminary measures for carrying out the scheme. No one of these problems could have been dealt with satisfactorily in any other way, and by its prompt and firm handling of these and similar questions the League is steadily establishing its position as an indispensable factor in the life of the world.

* * *

M. Painlevé's new Government obtained a vote of confidence by an unusually narrow margin of votes. The debate provoked no single comment or criticism which moves the situation forward by a millimetre. The financial problem which provoked the crisis stands where it was; and the political deadlock becomes even more rigid by the abstention of the Socialist Party. There was a slight, but very slight indication of a temporary alliance between a section of the *bloc national* and a section of the *cartel des gauches*, when M. Maginot and about a dozen moderate Nationalists voted for the Government at the close of the debate. The only thing which the debate does prove is that the new Government will be short-lived, and that there is no prospect of a Cabinet being formed which will have sufficient strength and parliamentary stability to balance the country's budget. M. Briand is generally asked to form a Government when a parliamentary deadlock occurs, and there seems some chance that he will be called upon when M. Painlevé falls. We now know that it was he who insisted upon General Sarraill's recall; but it is also clear that the recall has been made too late to save France from the international complications caused by his maladministration.

The parliamentary position in Germany is much as it was when we went to press last week, except in one point. There have been indications (weak and uncertain, it is true) of some kind of split in the Nationalist Party. The Hesse Nassau Association of Nationalist Manufacturers has sent a memorial to a prominent Nationalist newspaper owner, requesting him to support the Locarno Pact "in view of its reaction upon trade and industry." During the week, several German papers have been saying that when the Pact comes up for discussion in the Reichstag, the Nationalist Deputies will be free to vote for or against it according to their personal convictions. These two things taken together suggest that the Nationalist leaders are prepared to relax some of their iron discipline in order to avoid an open split between the industrial and landowning sections of the Party. There seems, indeed, no reason to doubt that Herr Luther's confidence in a final ratification of the Locarno Pact is well placed; though what the constituent parts of the majority for it will be cannot be foreseen until the German Socialist Party has met on November 6th to decide on its policy.

* * *

The result of the Canadian election is a complete stalemate, and another contest within a few months is almost inevitable. The Conservatives made large gains, especially in Ontario, where they hold all save eleven of the eighty-two seats. They have a majority in the House of sixteen or so over the Liberals, but Mr. Mackenzie King will be able to rely upon the general support of the small Progressive Party if he should hold to his purpose of remaining in office. Led by Mr. Patenaude, the Conservatives made a resolute assault upon Quebec province, but they were defeated by the memories and fears of Conscription. Mr. Bourassa, the gifted leader of Quebec Nationalism, is back in the House, and, like Mr. Dunning and his Progressive followers, he must stand with Mr. King against Mr. Meighen, the Conservative leader, who fought the election upon the high-tariff programme. The most singular feature of the election, from the English point of view, is the relative unimportance of the fact that Mr. Mackenzie King and eight of his Ministers suffered defeat. In this country it would, of course, be unthinkable that nine members of a Government could go down at the polls and the Government still go on, but in the Dominion the resources of political civilization are expansive. The central paradox of the situation is intensified by the election results. The Liberal leader depends more than ever upon Quebec, which clings to the party label while upholding the most rigid Conservatism in its social system.

* * *

A new turn has been given to South African politics by the suggestion for a rapprochement between the Nationalist and South African parties. The progressive tendencies of General Hertzog's proposed native policy, and his intention of framing his proposals in co-operation with General Smuts and the Opposition, have aroused considerable unrest among the backveld Boers. The majority of the Nationalists have become uneasy at the price paid for Labour support, and the tendency of a section of their followers to come under the influence of the Labour Left Wing. In these circumstances, a fusion or working agreement with the South African Party has considerable attractions for the moderate Nationalists, as freeing them from dependence either on Labour or on their own extremists, and it appears that General Smuts is not disposed to stand in the way of such a development. When General Hertzog makes his promised statement of his native policy on November 13th, it is likely that we shall know more of the possibilities of the new alignment.

The Chinese Tariff Conference has begun its business sittings, but progress is likely to be slow. Not only have the Chinese proposals to be examined, but the Japanese delegation at least have come prepared with definite alternative proposals which have not yet been elaborated. The American delegation have stated, apparently with the concurrence of the British delegates, that they are prepared to go beyond the letter of the Washington Treaty, and have put forward proposals for an immediate Customs revision, to be followed in 1929 by complete tariff autonomy. The problem presented by the fiscal and political relations, between China and the Powers, on the one hand, and between Peking and the provinces, on the other, is so complex and difficult that we suspect a bolder and more radical solution than anything contemplated by the present conference will ultimately prove to be necessary, and that in this, as in so many other problems, the good offices of the League will have to be sought. We propose in our next issue to discuss the real facts of the situation and the nature of the necessary solution in some detail.

* * *

At the end of last week a special delegate conference of the National Union of Railwaymen reached a decision which may be taken as the final consolidation of a very important line of policy. It has been known for some time that the N.U.R. did not favour that clause in the constitution of the new grand alliance of miners, engineers, and transport workers, which seeks to enforce on the constituent unions implicit obedience to orders from the alliance, even to the extent of strike action. Now, the N.U.R. delegates have heavily defeated a proposal from within their own ranks that the union should obey any call for strike action which may be made by the General Council of the Trade Union Congress. It seems clear therefore that the N.U.R. are definitely averse to becoming unconditionally the "storm troops" of the trade union army, whether led by the T.U.C. or by the proposed alliance. This has been to a large extent the objective in the minds of Mr. Cook and the other promoters of the alliance, for the strike weapon is never so powerful as in the hands of the railwaymen. While the alliance will probably be established, it will be worth comparatively little if the members are not subject to any discipline, and last week's resolution makes it extremely unlikely that the N.U.R. will accept any infringement of their autonomy.

* * *

This week's events in the industrial world are of minor importance, though not without interest. The Miners' Federation Executive are meeting the Mines Department to discuss the situation which has been created by the dispute over the basis rates question, and it is expected that they will seek to obtain a definite written agreement as to the terms of truce and the subsidy, to be signed by the Mines Department, the owners and themselves; for at present the arrangement is simply between the two former bodies, and the Federation have a feeling of insecurity. The Federation are also meeting the Ministry of Labour in regard to the conditions of unemployment benefit. By the end of this week the report of the court of inquiry into wages in the wool textile industry should be available, but whether this can lead to a final settlement of wages, until the question of "safeguarding" this industry has been resolved, remains to be seen. The Joint Inquiry in the Shipbuilding industry begins the second stage of its labours on Friday, and next Monday the Railway National Wages Board will begin its hearing of the N.U.R. programme and the companies' counter-demands.

The unfortunate strike of seamen is still dragging on in Australian ports. Originally directed as much against the executive of the National Sailors' and Firemen's Union as against the shipowners, it ceased to have any kind of official backing when it was called off by the Amalgamated Marine Workers' Union, and that step was promptly followed by its complete collapse in this country and in South Africa. The men in New Zealand ports have now returned to work on the advice of the local Alliance of Labour, and even in Australia there are signs that the strike is petering out. Several ships have sailed, many strikers have returned to work, and the waterside labourers have generally ceased to support the strike by refusing to work "black" ships. It is probably the imminence of collapse that is responsible for the outbreaks of violence which have marked the last stages of the strike. There is little doubt that the end would have come when the strike was called off at home but for the influence of the Australian Seamen's Union and others, who have used the men as catspaws in local labour politics, with very little regard for their real interests. The effect is only too likely to delay, in this direction, the hope of the revival so badly needed by both the shipping and shipbuilding industries.

* * *

General Charteris, M.P., who was made famous in an hour by an American journalist as the man who invented the Kadaver story, has now returned from New York and stoutly denies the charge.

"Lest there should still be any doubt," he remarks, "let me say that I neither invented the Kadaver story, nor did I alter the captions in any photograph, nor did I use any faked material for propaganda purposes. . . . I should be as interested as the general public to know what was the true origin of the Kadaver story. G.H.Q., France, only came in when a fictitious diary supporting the Kadaver story was submitted. When this diary was discovered to be fictitious it was at once rejected."

So far, so good. We gladly exonerate General Charteris and G.H.Q., France; but it is not so satisfactory to be told that the Secretary for War is "perfectly satisfied," and that the War Office "now regard the incident as closed." Having been reopened, however inadvertently, the subject cannot be so lightly dismissed. It was generally believed, until General Charteris was misreported, that the Kadaver story originated in an honest blunder. That may be the true explanation. If so, an authoritative and authenticated statement to that effect would go far to clear Britain's name of an ugly stain.

* * *

Unhappy is the politician who depends, or thinks he depends, for popular support upon the fickle favour of the Rothermere Press. The last love to be discarded by the DAILY MAIL is Mr. Churchill, and the occasion is rendered more painful by taunts that he is already on the shelf, and that only the DAILY MAIL has saved him from being cold-shouldered long ago. The following are among the things which the jilt now says of the jilted:—

"Mr. Winston Churchill has been before the country for some twenty-five years, and has now reached the respectable age of fifty or so. . . . The public, to do it justice, has made many efforts to get rid of him. . . . How often we have been told, 'Oh, you must give Winston another chance!' and how often the appeal has been made with Mr. Churchill's own knowledge and approval, it is impossible for us to say, but we rather suspect that without the support which has been given so generously to him by the newspapers he would not be in his present position. . . . Certainly the DAILY MAIL, hoping against hope, against the warning of repeated experience, helped Mr. Churchill to win his last election. . . ."

Perhaps, after all, Mr. Baldwin is happier in the assured enmity of two great newspaper proprietors, whom he "would not have in his house," than Mr. Churchill has been in their precarious favours.

MR. BALDWIN AND HIS PARTY

"Neither I nor one of my colleagues is under any misapprehension as to the significance of the election which has taken place. We know that it is the testimony of our fellow-countrymen in favour of ordered progress and not of stagnation; we know that it is a decisive vote against minority government; and we know that we have received support from many of those who, at ordinary times, might have given their support to other parties. But they have attempted to put into power a national Government, and it is in the exercise of that trust that we shall endeavour to deserve their confidence."—Mr. Baldwin at the Guildhall, November, 1924.

AMONG the difficulties with which Mr. Baldwin is confronted, the drift of Conservative opinion is certainly not the least formidable. For a brief space after the General Election of last year, the Conservative Party was on its best behaviour. Surprised and even a little frightened by the magnitude of its victory at the polls, it proceeded at once to register good resolutions. It would be national and non-partisan. It would be broad-minded and constructive. It would pursue the paths of social reform. It would not abuse the trust reposed in it. So, at least, Mr. Baldwin spoke, and the majority of Conservatives were well content that he should. At the time, indeed, the idea of trying to be progressive was very popular in the Tory ranks. It fitted in with the curious legend of Disraeli the Pioneer of Social Reform. It represented a quite genuine, if somewhat vague, desire on the part of some; while to others the Liberal inheritance was an electoral objective not to be despised. There was, of course, a section of the party to whom these sentiments were repellent from the first; but their discomfiture appeared complete when Mr. Baldwin succeeded in scotching Mr. Macquisten's Political Levy Bill. "I was proud of my party," said Mr. Baldwin of that occasion. Certainly his grip on the party seemed fairly well assured, and the way seemed open for the quiet, tolerant, Liberal-Conservatism congenial to his mind.

Whether such an experiment could possibly have succeeded, if a little more grasp of realities had gone to its execution, is an interesting question. Its doom was sealed by Mr. Churchill's Budget speech. By coupling the new Pensions scheme with the return to the Gold Standard, Mr. Churchill ensured a Tory revolt against the whole conception of social policy for which the Pensions scheme and Mr. Baldwin's "peace speeches" stood. A new ambitious scheme of social expenditure requires, if it is to be well received, an environment of trade prosperity. In a setting of worsening trade, it is exposed to valid objections, which are liable to be exploited for more than they are worth. By going out of his way to create an environment of worsening trade, and by launching the Pensions scheme in that, Mr. Churchill was throwing upon half-regenerate Toryism a strain which it was altogether unfit to bear. As we said at the time, he was trying to double the parts of Cromwell and the Cheeryble brothers. Naturally enough it soon became necessary for the Government to choose sharply between the two rôles. In the matter of the coal subsidy, Mr. Baldwin plunged heavily on Cheeryble, with the result that the bottom has fallen out of the Cheeryble stock on the Tory market.

The Brighton Conference last month was a striking revelation of the mentality which is now dominant in the party. The extension of Safeguarding, the amendment of the Parliament Act (with reform of the House of Lords in a very secondary place), the strengthening and enforcement of the law against "treasonable

offences," the revision of the legal powers of the trade unions,—these are the matters on which modern Toryism seeks to "ginger up" the Government, *these* represent its diagnosis of the needs of Britain at a critical period of our domestic history. We do not know whether Mr. Baldwin is still proud of his party. His party, it seems, is not so proud as it was of him. "No member of the present Government," declared a delegate at Brighton, amid general applause, "has greater support from the public at large at this moment than has Sir William Joynson-Hicks." We think this gentleman confuses "the public at large" with the Tory clubman; but we can well believe that the Home Secretary is now the latter's idol. Nothing could be more significant or depressing.

But nothing, of course, could be more encouraging to the congenitally "hard-faced." Mr. Macquisten has been encouraged by Brighton to address an exceedingly peremptory letter to "My dear Baldwin," stating that he intends to reintroduce his Political Levy Bill at the earliest possible moment, and that he expects the Government to toe the line. Lord Rothermere, departing for once from his customary proprietorial reserve, has expounded his views over his own signature to the readers of the DAILY MAIL. The Government must have done with Social Reform which is nothing but disguised Socialism, it must cut down expenditure drastically, it must repress Communists, and above all it must introduce Protection. Upon the last point, his Lordship is worth quoting:—

"The Conservative Party has never wavered in its demand for a reasonable system of Protection. It is not concerned with the fact that any particular Minister has involved himself in so peculiar a personal position that he feels unable to support a protectionist policy. It is unthinkable that the one effective remedy for our declining trade should be withheld for such a cause.

"What fustian is this talk by our elder politicians of the need for an election on the definite issue of Protection! Without any mandate from the people or any appeal to them, the Government has already passed the Pensions Act and granted the coal subsidy, each of which measures is fraught with infinitely more important financial consequence to the country than the imposing of a general tariff or the rearrangement of any tariff that may be in existence."

Lord Rothermere cannot be unaware that Mr. Baldwin pledged *not* himself only, but the Conservative Party as a whole, to refrain from Protection during the present Parliament. We can only conclude that it is "unthinkable" by Lord Rothermere that anyone should hesitate to break a pledge when it suits him to do so.

We do not suppose that either Lord Rothermere's articles or Mr. Macquisten's epistles will embarrass Mr. Baldwin. They may even help him, because they go so manifestly beyond the mark. But the drift of Conservative opinion, which they reflect and exploit, is a far more formidable matter. With the whole body of ideas expressed at Brighton, Mr. Baldwin is obviously and utterly out of sympathy. His party has set its heart on a number of things, which he knows to be silly and dangerous, at a time when his influence is gravely impaired by the mess that he has made of his own far wiser policy. It is an unhappy position for a Prime Minister, and the results are likely to be most unhappy for the country. For Mr. Baldwin cannot hope to oppose his party on every issue; he must make *some* concessions; and the line of least resistance suggests that it is just on those points which are most silly and most dangerous that concessions will be made. Mr. Baldwin is too honourable a man to disregard his pledges on Protection, or to treat them as lightly as some Conser-

vatives would wish. The drastic reduction of expenditure and taxation after which the business-world hankers is not practical politics. The difficulty of agreeing upon any concrete scheme for the reform of the House of Lords will keep the project of upsetting the Parliament Act in cold storage for a long time yet. There remains, as the only means of placating Tory sentiment, the attack on the trade unions and the suppression of the "Reds." Here no pledges block the way; no undue strain is cast on the constructive ingenuity of Ministers. And so the Government has already embarked upon the latter course, as though to supply the one link hitherto missing in the parallel between our post-war decade and the decade which succeeded Waterloo, when repression born of anti-Jacobin panic was the most notorious feature of the age of "everything done wrong."

The policy of suppressing Communists as such is, we say, at once silly and dangerous. It is silly because it is more likely to increase than to diminish such powers for mischief as the Communists possess. At ordinary times their influence is negligible enough. In times of industrial upheaval they become no doubt a potential "menace." But, in the first place, it is outside their power to precipitate an industrial upheaval. Does anyone suppose that the decision of the trade unions to stand by the miners last July would have been different, if every member of the Communist executive had been safely lodged in gaol? In the second place, their power and disposition to exploit a troubled situation, once it has occurred, are no greater than that of other men of extremist views, who like to see industrial conflict spread, but who repudiate the Communist label. In short the "menace" which Communism represents does not lie in an organization which can be broken up, but in a very widespread state of mind, which no orgy of prosecutions can possibly extirpate.

On the contrary, repression must serve to spread further afield an extremist state of mind. The ordinary working-man, who is far from a Communist or an extremist of any colour, is not in the least shocked, as the middle-class individual is, by the expression of violent or revolutionary opinions. He has no love of the police, and his sympathies usually go out to those who for whatever reasons come into conflict with the law. In short, the Government could have done nothing more calculated to suggest to the ordinary workman that the Communist is perhaps his true friend after all, to exacerbate class feeling, and to poison the industrial atmosphere. Coercion and conciliation are two horses which, as British statesmen learnt in the case of Ireland, it is not easy to drive in double harness. And the Government has committed itself deeply to the policy of industrial conciliation. We are paying well over a million and a-half a month for the chance of averting a stoppage in the coalfields. Much will depend on the proposals which the Coal Commission makes; still more on the way in which those proposals are received. But if, at the time, the country is plunged in a furious controversy about the Reds, with an attack on the legal position of the trade unions pending or perhaps actually being waged, what chance is there of a favourable outcome? We would urge Mr. Baldwin to do his utmost to resist the dangerous tendencies in his party before irreparable mischief has been done. And we would urge those Conservatives who, heedless of our industrial dangers, are cheering the Home Secretary, and pushing the Government on to a "head-on collision," to mark the moral of this week's Borough Council elections and to realize that, even electorally, the tactic of "In Off the Reds" is a losing hazard.

A CONTRAST IN VICEROYS

IT is only in rare cases that comments of a positive kind can be made upon an appointment to the Viceroyalty of India. Every selection is an experiment. Any Governor-General may prove to be the man of destiny. A Chelmsford, about whom it is difficult to remember anything, is called upon to inaugurate a Constitution that alters the Indian scene for all time; while the energy of a Curzon, maintained at imperial concert-pitch for seven years, may leave the minimum of tangible result. Every new Viceroy, again, is of necessity untried. He may not be a stranger to India—though almost invariably he is; but he must be without experience in the directing of the supreme Government. For a century and a quarter Britain has followed, with only two or three exceptions, the policy of placing at the head of the most highly specialized bureaucracy in the world a public man of the English tradition, without reference to the question of his interest in India or knowledge of Indian affairs.

It is nearly seventy years since the transfer of the Government of India from the East India Company to the Crown. Mr. Edward Wood is the sixteenth Viceroy to be appointed in that time. One only of these, Lord Lawrence, knew the Indian system from within, or had gained experience as the head of an Indian province; and of the remaining fifteen Lord Curzon alone had prepared himself by wide and definite study for the ruling of India. Now and again there appeared to be a probability that a provincial governor might be promoted to the Governor-Generalship, or sent out to Simla after retiring to England. But the thing was never allowed to happen, although good reasons could be adduced in such cases as those of the late Lord Pentland, Lord Willingdon, and, more especially, Lord Ronaldshay, whose recent term of office in Bengal is considered to have been unusually successful. The fact that the Prime Minister should have preferred to remain faithful to the established practice, when he could not but be aware of the arguments in favour of an alternative, is not without significance. But it is not at all difficult to understand. Mr. Baldwin has a quite natural belief in men of his own kind. Mr. Wood is for him the sort of man who may most properly succeed Lord Reading.

Times have changed enormously in India since the Curzon epoch, which may be taken as the real division between the old India and the new. But great as the changes have been, and will be, the position of the Governor-General must always be considered in direct relation to the public Services. They are permanent and deeply rooted. The Viceroy is a transient visitor, whose stay in the country seldom extends beyond the usual five years. The administrative machine of which he is the executive head has been perfected by generations of expert civil servants, whose authority and privilege are unparalleled. They make—they are—the Government of India; and although since the Montagu Act their status and powers have been greatly modified, it cannot be said that the actual administration to-day is other than that made and maintained by the Indian Civil Service. This is the dominant fact of British India, and the Governor-General must adjust himself to it.

Roughly speaking, it has implied in the past that he belonged to one or the other of two classes. If he were a weak or easy-going man, he fell into step with his Executive Council and the Simla Secretariat. That is to say, he did not oppose, or seek to interfere with, the Civil Service, and for his standing with the people of India he relied upon his personal qualities of tact and pleasant speech. If, on the other hand, he were a man

of masterful spirit and confident initiative, the Viceroyalty provided him with ample scope, and he could spend the whole of his term in overhauling the administration and stiffening the departments, with the incidental result of stirring the country to its depths. Both Dalhousie and Curzon were men of this type, and it was not an accident that their terms of office were followed immediately by periods of political and social convulsion. Ripon, forty years ago, measured his strength against that of the Bureaucracy, and was ruthlessly broken in the struggle.

It may, however, be argued that as India is in process of rapid transition the Governor-General of tomorrow will not be compelled to make his choice between submitting to the Civil Service and endeavouring to override it. Doubtless that is to some extent true. Within the past twenty years we have seen two Viceroys—Lord Minto and Lord Chelmsford, both quiet men—co-operating with the Home Government in carrying into effect large constitutional changes, and in each case having to call up all their reserves of patience and conciliation when acting as intermediary between a Liberal Secretary of State and a suspicious and sceptical bureaucracy. And, during the past four years, we have been enabled to observe Lord Reading succeeding on the whole to admiration in the most difficult task of restoring confidence to the Services and at the same time grappling with the most widespread and menacing disturbance so far known in India. It has sometimes been said that Lord Reading has done well, amid conditions which threatened disaster on a large scale, largely by reason of the fact that, alike by birth and early training, he stands outside the system that has produced all other Viceroys. That may well be true, for it can hardly be denied that the Gandhi movement brought into Indian Nationalism a complication more likely to yield to the treatment of Lord Reading than to that of such a man as Lord Curzon. India now approaches a change in the Viceroyalty which will provide a striking personal contrast. Mr. Wood belongs to the old tradition—except that he is a House of Commons man, a distinction which, among modern rulers of India, he shares only with Curzon and the present Viceroy. He enjoys an enviable personal standing. His political opponents have cordially recognized his high political character. Mr. Wood will find, as the Catholic Lord Ripon found, that a definite religious affiliation is a valuable quality in the eyes of the Indian people. His appointment, in short, is an event of great interest and of no little promise.

CHOOSING TENANTS

By THE CHAIRMAN OF A HOUSING COMMITTEE.

ONE of the most difficult questions falling to the responsibility of the Chairman of a Housing Committee of an English local authority, that possesses municipal houses, is to select the tenants, when there is a vacancy. My local authority has several large blocks of flats, and therefore provides accommodation for over three hundred families, but we have a waiting list of applicants, numbering several hundreds, many of whom originally applied three years ago.

When a flat falls vacant, my correspondence at home immediately increases, for anxious fathers of families hope that by writing personally they may secure favoured treatment, and in one case a local policeman and his wife settled in my garden, refusing to leave until they had had an interview. But naturally no preference is

given. On behalf of the Committee I select tenants on the following agreed principles. First I pick out of the five hundred odd application forms all those dated 1922 or 1923. After that, all those applicants who have not resided in the locality for at least ten years are excluded. Then I choose those who have served abroad during the war. This usually leaves probably a dozen persons, who are then sorted according to the size and age of their families, and their present conditions of overcrowding.

It is a delicate and responsible duty out of so many deserving and distressing cases to choose one family, but eventually the lucky tenants are all ex-service men with unblemished war records, a period of at least ten years' residence locally, and with young children. The method is only rough and ready, but it is probably as just as can be devised. The immensity of the need as revealed by the volume of applications that only come from one district near London and still stream in makes it evident how unreliable are the assertions of members of the Government that the corner has been turned in housing, as was stated at the Torquay Summer School of the Primrose League by Sir Kingsley Wood.

This experience in England made me especially interested in a visit that I paid recently to "Les Jardins Ungemach," a housing scheme that is now almost completed on the outskirts of Strasbourg in Alsace. The site, seven years ago, was occupied by German fortifications, but the land has now been given for a housing experiment that has many original points. The capital needed for building the houses was the gift of a local confectionery firm, which decided to give back to the community some of their enormous war profits. The object of the trust that has been formed is to encourage young parents who have good health to bring up their families under the best possible conditions.

The houses have been specially planned with a view to good health and clean living. Each bungalow is detached and is surrounded by a garden. It contains a living room, two or three bedrooms, a kitchen that can also be used as a dining-room, a scullery, the usual offices, and large cellars that are well lighted so that they can be used for carpentry, photography, or such home hobbies. There is a shed, reached from the garden, where bicycles, perambulators, and gardening tools may be kept. Hot and cold water are laid on to each bedroom, and there is a bath in the scullery. All the existing rooms are on the ground floor, but there is a staircase leading up to the first floor, where three more rooms can be devised should the family grow.

The architecture is extremely attractive, being in the Alsatian style, and the houses are designed by M. Paul de Rutte, of Paris, with M. Jean Sorg, of Strasbourg, acting as the local architect. There are twenty-seven different types of houses, which are laid out on the latest town-planning principles, every advantage being taken of the canals that run through the site, and the various trees that ornament the gardens.

One of the unique features of a scheme that is almost overwhelming in its thoroughness, is the method of selecting the tenants. There is no lack of applicants, for the rents asked are far lower than those of similar-sized houses in the city itself, and the amenities offered are far greater. Accordingly, the trustees can select, and they do so, using a system of marks as elaborate as that of a university examination.

Every applicant has to answer a lengthy questionnaire. He must state his income earned and unearned, provide evidence as to the health of himself and his wife, give details of the age and sex of his children, state how many brothers and sisters he possesses, provide references

as to character, and also be ready to allow a committee of inspection to come to his present home on a surprise visit in order to discover whether the housewife is clean and orderly. According to the answers to these questions marks are given. For example, for every year that the husband is aged over thirty, one point is deducted, as the trustees are anxious to have only young families. A point is given for every brother and sister of the father and mother, on the supposition that large families in one generation are likely to be followed by large ones in the next. If the total income exceeds a certain figure the application is rejected, and if the committee of inspection do not award more than five points for cleanliness, the applicants are crossed off the list. Such is the Strasbourg system. I spoke to several of the tenants, who were chiefly of the superior clerk type, skilled artisans, and teachers, very much the same class as are renting six-roomed houses at the Welwyn Garden City in England.

I cannot, however, imagine that prospective tenants in this country would be prepared to submit themselves to such a drastic cross-examination on personal matters, for those experienced in municipal life here know how frequently even the most innocent questions are resented. Nevertheless, as an experiment conducted by a body of men who are animated by the highest ideals and motives, the garden suburb on the former fortifications of Strasbourg, that will be completed this autumn, is worth the attention of English housing reformers.

LIFE AND POLITICS

THE change in the programme of Armistice Day is one of the most surprising events within recent memory. It has its own significance, though one would not find it easy to state exactly what that significance is. Judging by the public expressions of opinion, there was comparatively little support for the protest raised by that admirable citizen-priest, Mr. Sheppard, of St. Martin's, and his allies; and I for one was prepared for the holding of the Albert Hall revel, together with all the West End junketings. But there can be no doubt whatever that there is overwhelming public approval for the change. Mr. Sheppard is to be congratulated upon a victory that can only be described as extraordinary. And his original protest was nothing more than a gentle editorial note in his monthly "St. Martin's Review." Do not talk to me about the influence of the million-power Press!

No one has met, or can meet, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's point about the pay of the Prime Minister. The facts are common knowledge. Mr. Asquith's case, however deeply he may resent it, has furnished copy for the personal columns in the Press of the English-speaking world. Mr. Lloyd George has found his own means of financial recoupment: and England, as Sir Ernest Benn and others have pointed out, has not been the gainer thereby. Mr. MacDonald has been less fortunate, and the fact counts to his credit. Apart from the question of a pension, never questioned in the case of the Lord Chancellor, there is clearly a choice among tolerable ways of escape from an intolerable situation. The Prime Minister's salary should be made not less than £5,000 net; or it should be supplemented with an adequate allowance. As for the old unwritten rule that an ex-Premier may not return to the practice of his profession, we shall find that the advent of the first Labour Prime Minister has destroyed it.

The municipal elections, especially in London, must be counted a portent. The Stunt Press, making one of its comparatively rare displays of interest in local affairs, joined with the regular Conservative papers in sounding the alarm against Red Labour. There was a reiterated call for every middle-class vote, and particularly for every woman's vote, for the lowering of the rates and the saving of Society. The result provides a fresh illustration of the political impotence of the popular newspaper. One specific moral should not be missed. We must watch our Fascists. The line of their action is easy enough to forecast. In fear of what the ballot-box can do and show, they may move quickly towards the thoroughgoing Mussolini-Ku-Klux practice of terrorism at the polls. And Liberals, of course, must expose and resist them.

* * *

The SATURDAY REVIEW celebrates the completion of its seventieth year with the present issue, and no journalist would wish to refuse his tribute to a weekly that has enjoyed a renown so remarkable and so varied. The band of contributors whom Douglas Cook welded into a unit during the 'sixties can never have been surpassed in power and scholarship, combined with devilry; nor, I imagine, could any modern editor cease to marvel at a group whose members were of every shade of political and theological opinion. I knew the SATURDAY first in the days of Walter Herries Pollock; but not until the middle 'nineties, when it came (by some inexplicable chance) under the direction of Frank Harris, did I, like everyone else in journalistic London, read every page of it. In those miraculous days, indeed, one could not have missed it. Harris as a political editor was absurd, but as captain of a team he was sublime. Bernard Shaw for the drama, John Runciman for music, D. S. MacColl for painting, Cunninghame Graham for the pampas and the Spanish Main, Max Beerbohm as satirist at large, H. G. Wells showing the young critic how to review novels—these were the most brilliant of the company, each one of whom since then has sown beside many waters. As for Frank Harris, his later adventures would be too much for any chronicler—especially himself. During the past quarter-century the SATURDAY has fulfilled its destiny as a good Tory weekly, generally orthodox. To-day, in the hands of Mr. Gerald Barry, it stands for quality and sincerity in its Toryism, while its literary pages gain distinction from such names as Gerald Gould and Ivor Brown. The SATURDAY, in a word, is still an honour to English journalism.

* * *

We are all ready to cheer on Sir Martin Conway, Mr. Belloc, and anyone else who may join in, whenever the assault upon the passport system is renewed. But we may as well make up our minds to the certainty of its continuance in some form. The existing system is silly, costly, humiliating, and not at all efficacious. But Mr. Belloc is demonstrably wrong in arguing that it is maintained because Governments dare not close down their passport departments and liberate the staffs for honest work. The main reason for keeping them is the universal fear that is the product of war and revolution. If you, or Mr. Belloc, can believe in the restoration of that blessed freedom for the traveller which we once knew on this side of the Vistula, but could not appreciate, you are a great deal more hopeful than I. Demand the abolition of the passport, by all means; but most of us would be satisfied if the visa and time-limit were done away with. There would be positive advantages in a citizen's passport, good for a lifetime and for all travel, and free to every adult on application.

No daily paper deemed it worth while to describe the scene in Queen's Hall on Sunday night, when Dr. Annie Besant wrought up the peroration of her discourse on the coming World Teacher to the point of calling upon all who believed in his advent to stand up. Of course, the whole assembly sprang to its feet, 3,000 strong. What else could it do in the presence of that formidable woman? Dr. Besant goes off again to Madras, for the jubilee of the Theosophical Society, which falls on November 17th. Theosophists could not expect that the occasion would pass without the story of their founders being recalled. The *MORNING POST* has done it in four articles, the last of which was an effective piece of work. H. P. Blavatsky was before my time; but I knew "Colonel" Olcott in his last days. He was a fat and merry old man, cynical and sensual and quite likeable, the most transparent American humbug you could expect to see. If you have read any of the volumes of his "Old Diary Leaves" (a rollicking chronicle of fraud), you will know his kind.

The *MORNING POST* writer, whose space was limited, missed several good points—as, for example, the origin of Kuthumi, the name of the Great Mahatma. The first success of H. P. B. and Olcott in India was the capture of A. O. Hume, son of Joseph Hume, the old watchdog of the nation's purse in Parliament. A. O. Hume was a most respected member of the I.C.S., and he achieved a wider fame as the founder of the Indian National Congress. He was honest as the day, but Madame and her friends contrived to get him into the pranks at Simla and elsewhere, which form part of the comedy. During the long spell of his later life, in South London, I never heard Hume speak of this queer chapter. But the friends of his Indian years talked freely enough. And they always took it for granted that Kuthumi was a happy coinage of Madame's or the Colonel's, from Olcott-Hume.

Not for many months have I read anything from an eminent hand that contained so many statements crying out for contradiction as the Bishop of Durham's article in an evening paper on that ever-debatable subject, the decline of preaching. The Bishop says, among other things, that the mobility of the modern community is inimical to serious preaching. Nonsense. He says that present-day congregations demand "brief topical harangues, spiced with vulgarities of phrase and word." Nonsense again. He laments the disappearance of the university-scholar type among the clergy. Not one in a thousand of them could preach to the people. He says that the dominance of music in the Church service is bad for the preaching, and that the wireless is killing pulpit oratory. Both these influences are compelling attention to the higher art of direct speech. The wireless is creating endless opportunities for the preacher, the lecturer, the teacher. Dr. Hensley Henson should try again.

KAPPA.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

O.M.S. AND FASCISTS

SIR,—May I, very respectfully, suggest that it would be more in accordance with the responsibility of a paper of the authority of *THE NATION* AND *THE ATHENÆUM* if it made itself acquainted with the real purpose and methods of the O.M.S. and attempted to allay the factitious suspicion with which—for obvious reasons—the Labour people have tried to surround it, instead of repeating the parrot-cry which links it up with Fascists and other militant bodies?

Really, the fact that an obscure and partizan Italian paper regards Sir William Joynson-Hicks's blessing on O.M.S. as a proof that Great Britain is going to adopt Fascism wholesale has no importance whatever. So far as the British Fascists are concerned, while many of their aims are commendable, and they differ entirely from the Con-

tinental brand, those aims are altogether outside the scope of O.M.S., which confines itself strictly to the job it has set itself: namely, to provide a classified register of those who will be willing to man the Government's organization for seeing that the necessary supplies and services for the country are forthcoming in the event of a general strike such as that with which we have been threatened.

You express the hope that Mr. Baldwin "will have the sense to strangle O.M.S. in its infancy." Behold the danger of rhetoric! If the Unions which propose to combine to withhold their labour in order to stop supplies and services are within their legal rights—and no one disputes it—how can it be illegal for citizens whose homes, welfare, and livelihood are threatened by such action to combine in order to maintain those supplies and services? And if their action is legal, how can Mr. Baldwin, or anyone else, "strangle" O.M.S.? It is not a branch of his Party organization. There is no need for Mr. Baldwin to "give a ruling that the maintenance of supplies in emergencies is the business of the Government." Sir W. Joynson-Hicks has laid down that principle fairly enough, and it is fully accepted by O.M.S.

Is there not a danger that this persistent misapprehension—or misstatement—of the aims and methods of O.M.S. will lead to the very consequences which you and other moderate and responsible papers wish to avoid in that it lends colour to the wild rubbish which is published in extremist organs about O.M.S. being a weapon forged by "Capitalists" for attack on the working-class standard of life?

As a matter of fact, "Capitalists" have, up to the present, shown mighty little interest in the Movement. The conclusion is obvious.—Yours, &c.,

C. W. WYKEHAM-FIENNES,
Organizing Secretary.

70, St. Stephens House, Westminster, S.W.1.
October 28th, 1925.

[We are most anxious to make ourselves acquainted with "the real purpose and methods of the O.M.S.," and to that end we have been studying all that we could find on the subject, including the impression which it has made in Italy. Unfortunately our correspondent has not thrown much light on the purpose or the methods. If, as he says, the principle that the maintenance of supplies in emergencies is the business of the Government is fully accepted by O.M.S., why does that organization continue to exist? We agree that rhetoric is dangerous. (Will our correspondent point that out to Lieutenant-General Sir Francis Lloyd, a member of the Council of O.M.S.?) But when we invited Mr. Baldwin to strangle O.M.S. in its infancy we made it clear that this could be done, not by prosecution (we are not in favour of straining the law against mischievous organizations), but by a hint to Lord Hardinge, who, with his distinguished colleagues, would not, we are convinced, have embarked upon this mistaken enterprise without official encouragement and would not continue it in the face of the Prime Minister's disapproval.—ED., *NATION*.]

SIR EDWARD GREY

SIR,—Will you allow me a few words in which to answer Mr. Charles Wright's letter? What I contend is that it was because the French Fleet was in the Mediterranean that Sir Edward Grey gave his assurance on August 2nd "that if the German Fleet comes into the Channel or through the North Sea to undertake hostile operations against the French coasts or shipping, the British Fleet will give all the protection in its power." My authority for this is Sir Edward Grey himself; see the passage in his speech to the House of Commons on August 3rd, beginning, "The French Fleet is now in the Mediterranean . . ." down to "In that emergency, and in these compelling circumstances, yesterday afternoon I gave to the French Ambassador the following statement: . . ."

I do not deny that Sir Edward Grey might have committed us to the same thing, even if the French Fleet had not been in the Mediterranean. I think that he very probably would have done so. But that only makes his psychology, so far as I am concerned, the more difficult to understand.—Yours, &c.,

LEONARD WOOLF.

THE FOOD COUNCIL AND THE BAKERS

SIR,—Mr. John Kirkland, who is apparently an official of the Borough Polytechnic supported by public funds, writes in your issue of the 17th ult. from that address to attack the action of the Government in appointing the Food Council, and, as a teacher of bakery in the Polytechnic school, which is subsidized by the Bakers' Associations, to attack the *bona fides* of the Food Council. He asks the "intelligent public to realize" that while the Birmingham Master Bakers' Association reduced the price of bread in July last from 10d. to 9½d. and the Liverpool Bakers' Association from 10d. to 9d. on September 21st, the Food Council were not justified in saying on September 25th that the two London Associations ought not to maintain a price of 10d. He asks them to believe that when the two London Bakers' Associations told the Food Council that they would not meet them to discuss matters because they could add nothing to the information supplied to the Royal Commission on Food Prices, the Council were wrong to act on this information. He asks them to believe that the Food Council are agents of the Co-operative movement, although they specially excluded the Co-operative Societies from their observations as to the bakers selling bread below the London Associations' prices. He asks the public to believe that the two official reductions in London, announced on the dates of the two meetings of the Food Council, were nothing more than remarkable coincidences. He asks too much.

The public generally have welcomed the activities of the Food Council, and its action in the vital matter of bread prices, and also of short weight, has already more than justified its existence. It is to be hoped that other food trading associations will prove much wiser than the bakers have been, and will adopt at the outset the course of co-operating with the Council in the inquiries which it was set up by the Government to undertake.—Yours, &c.,

Highgate, N.

J. FRANCIS.

"LITERATURE IN THE THEATRE"

SIR,—I hold that no author ought to reply to criticism, particularly to criticism so courteous as Mr. Bonamy Dobrée's, except on a point of fact. There are, however, occasions on which misinterpretation amounts to a misstatement of fact. If you will compare the following passages, you will, I think, agree with me.

The first is from Mr. Dobrée's review of my book "Literature in the Theatre," which appeared in your issue of October 24th:—

"Mr. Darlington maintains that a play can only be judged in the theatre, not in the study. The theatre itself is the sieve, and if it lets a play through, that play is good. Thus we must be prepared to accept on equal terms 'The Cherry Orchard' and 'Chu Chin Chow,' 'The Doll's House'

and 'The Cabaret Girl.' But surely this is to make an error in values. A play, like every other work of art, must be judged by its relation to the issues involved. A dandelion may be a very fine dandelion; nothing will make it into a rose. A good dandelion may be better than a dead rose, but one cannot argue from that that a silly sort of play is as good as a good sort of play."

The second is from page 1 of my book:—

"The theatre is like a sieve, through which only those plays may pass which conform to the theatre's requirements; and you find a heterogeneous collection indeed slipping safely through the meshes—'Hamlet' and 'Charley's Aunt,' 'The Cherry Orchard' and 'Chu Chin Chow,' 'The Doll's House' and 'East Lynne,' 'Peter Pan' and 'Sweet Lavender' and 'The Cabaret Girl.' And in the heap that the sieve has rejected you will find much drama of great literary worth—Mr. Gordon Bottomley's 'Britain's Daughter,' for instance, and Miss Dane's 'Will Shakespeare,' and many another. With these I am not here concerned."

I have never said or implied that we should accept on equal terms "The Cherry Orchard" and "Chu Chin Chow," only that they have one thing in common which differentiates them from purely literary plays—the fact that they are suited to the medium of the stage.—Yours, &c.,

W. A. DARLINGTON.

[Mr. Dobrée writes: "Mr. Darlington is quite justified in rising up in his good-humour—I cannot call his mild remonstrance wrath—and smiting me. I expressed myself ill. I did not mean to suggest that Mr. Darlington thought that 'Chu Chin Chow' was as good a play as 'The Cherry Orchard,' for he has a very marked sense of humour. But he does maintain they have one thing in common. What I meant to imply by my metaphor was that, although dandelions and roses have much in common, such as stamens and pistils, we need not think of dandelions when judging roses. By 'accepting,' I meant allowing to enter into the competition. I am heartily sorry if I have given readers a false impression of Mr. Darlington's attitude, for I would rather read his book than 90 per cent. of those written on the theatre."]

NICKNAMES FOR HEADMASTERS

SIR,—Whether it is worth while, or even in the best taste, to rescue from a well-deserved oblivion the nicknames which boys invent for their headmasters, is open to question; but if they are to be recorded, at any rate accuracy is desirable. X., as an old Harrovian, ought to know that "Creeping Jesus" was the nickname, not of Dr. Butler, but of his great predecessor, Dr. Vaughan, whose initials, C. J., suggested the application to him of the phrase "Creeping Jesus," which was then in fairly common use.—Yours, &c.,

C. SANKRY.

Cimiez, Nice.

October 20th, 1925.

STERNE'S GHOST

By VIRGINIA WOOLF.

THAT men have ghosts; that ghosts revisit the places where life ran quickest; that Sterne therefore haunts no churchyard, but the room where "Tristram Shandy" was written—all this may be taken for granted; even if we find it no such easy matter to decide in what mood and with what motives the ghost of Sterne beat regularly at midnight upon the wall of Mrs. Simpson's best bedroom in Stonegate, York.

Mrs. Simpson made no secret of the matter, which perhaps was too notorious to be concealed. Owing to the ghost, she told the young Mathews, she would let the rooms, large as they were and convenient for the theatre, very cheap indeed, and, perceiving something in Mrs. Mathews' aspect which made her think her, as indeed she was, "a candidate for literary gains," she added how it was in this room and at that table that a very famous book called "Tristram Shandy" was written,

she believed, some forty years before. Even without its literary associations the cheapness of the lodging was enough to excuse the ghost, for the young Mathews were extremely poor—Charles acting at a salary of twenty-five shillings a week in Tate Wilkinson's company, but Tate did not scruple to tell him that with his screwed-up face and threadpaper body he had better keep a shop than go upon the stage, while poor Eliza, the girl whom Charles had married, out of pity, the second Mrs. Mathews said, without "really loving her," had not a penny to her name, which happened to be Strong. And Strong she had need to be, said Charles's father, strong in character, strong in health, strong in principles, strong in affections, if she became the wife of the misguided boy who so wantonly preferred the stage and all its evils to selling serious books to saintly personages in the Strand. But Eliza herself was conscious of one source of strength only (besides that she was very much

in love with her husband), and that was her gift for writing—her passion for literature. When Mrs. Simpson at one and the same moment lowered the rent and mentioned Sterne the bargain was struck and the rooms taken. The ghost must be endured.

That necessity arose indeed the very first night the Mathews went to bed. As York Minster struck the first chimes of midnight, three powerful blows resounded on the wall at the back of the young couple's bed. The same thing happened night after night. York Minster had only to begin striking twelve and the ghost struck three. Watch was set; experiments were made; but whether it was the ghost of Sterne or the malevolence of some ill-wisher, no cause could be discovered, and the young people could only move their bed, and shift their bedtime, which, as the playhouse hours were late, and Charles had a passion for reading or talking late at night, was a matter of not much difficulty. Such courage could hardly have been expected of so frail a woman. But unfortunately Eliza had a reason for tolerating ghosts if they reduced the rent which she dared not tell her husband. Every week, like the honest and affectionate creature he was, he poured his salary—twenty-five shillings—into her lap, and every week she assured him that twenty-five shillings was ample—all their bills were paid. But every week a certain number, an increasing number for all she could do to keep their expenses down, were slipped, unpaid, into Sterne's table drawer. Eliza perhaps had some inkling of the fact that her husband had married her impetuously in the goodness of his heart, from pity that the only child of the late Dr. Strong should have to support herself by inculcating the principles of arithmetic into the daughters of the gentlemen of Swansea. At any rate, she was determined that he should never suffer for his generosity. Comforts he must have, and if twenty-five shillings a week were not enough to pay for them, she would pay for them herself out of her own earnings. She was confident that she could do it. She would write a novel, a novel like "Tristram Shandy" perhaps, save that her knowledge of life was unfortunately limited, which would set all London in a roar. And then she would come to her husband with the bills receipted and her deception confessed, and give him the proceeds of her famous novel to do what he liked with. But that day was still far distant—at present she must work. While Charles was acting and reading, while Charles, who loved talk and hated bedtime, was gossiping and chattering and taking off odd characters, so that he was famous in the green room whatever he might be upon the stage, Eliza wrote. She wrote every kind of piece—novels, sonnets, elegies, love songs. The publishers took them, the publishers printed them, but they never paid her a penny for them, and on she toiled, always carefully concealing her work from her husband, so that his surprise when the day of revelation came might be entire.

Meanwhile, the bills accumulated, and act as Charles might (and there were some young ladies in York who thought him the finest comic actor they had ever seen, and would stand a whole evening in the wings to hear him), his salary remained twenty-five shillings and no more. It was useless for the ghost to knock; useless for Eliza's back to ache; useless for her good brother-in-law William to implore her to write everything twice over, peruse the best works of the best authors, and find mottoes for all her chapters—she had no choice; write she must. Surely the novel she was now engaged on—"What Has Been"—promised better than the others, and with a little help from William, who knew Mr. Wordsworth and could perhaps solicit the favours of reviewers, might, indeed must, bring her fame. Sitting where Sterne had sat, writing where Sterne had written, the omens were auspicious.

There, at any rate, long after the ghost had knocked thrice and York Minster had tolled twelve times, she sat writing. She neglected to take exercise. She never allowed herself to stand in the wings a whole evening to see her Charles in his comic parts. At last signs of exhaustion became apparent. Alarmed by her wasted looks, Charles brought a doctor to see her. But one

glance was enough. Nothing could now be done. Whatever the cause, lack of exercise or lack of food, or whether the nervous strain of hearing those three taps delivered nightly had hopelessly injured her constitution, consumption was far advanced; and all the doctor could do was to prescribe apothecaries' stuff, which, expensive as it was, Charles feared to be useless.

Eliza was now confined to bed. Her projects had totally failed. "What Has Been" appeared, but, even corrected and at least partially supplied with mottoes by the kindness of Mr. William Mathews, failed like its predecessors, and she was at an end of her resources. Even so, the worst was still to come. The butcher or the baker stopped Charles in the street and demanded payment. The drawer and its bills had to be revealed. The whole of her miserable, innocent, overwhelming deception must be confessed. Charles took the blow like an angel, said not a word of complaint, though the bills were to hang about his neck for years to come. And now, for the first time, the ghost fell silent. York Minster struck midnight and there was no reply. But really the silence was worse than the sound! To lie and wait for the three stout strokes as York Minster struck twelve and then to hear nothing—that seemed to convey a more appalling message than the blow itself—as if the enemy had worked its will and gone its way. But this very silence inspired Eliza Mathews with a desperate courage. With the ghost quiescent, the novels unsold, the bills unpaid, Charles all day at the playhouse, often cast down by his failure and the thought of his father's displeasure—for the God-fearing bookseller in the Strand, where the whole house was hung with portraits of the Saints framed in ebony and canting humbugs bamboozled the simple old tradesman out of his livelihood, had been justified in his warnings—with all this that she had caused, or failed to prevent, to oppress her and the daily decline of her own health to appal, Eliza framed a terrible and desperate resolve. There was a girl at the playhouse for whom she had an affection, a singer who was friendless as Eliza herself had been, and timid and charming. For this young woman, Anne Jackson by name, Eliza sent. She was better, Eliza claimed, as Anne came in, and indeed her looks confirmed it; much better, because of an idea that had come to her, which she counted on her friend's help to carry out. First, before her husband came back, she wished to be propped up in bed in order, she said mysteriously, "to be able to look at you both while I reveal my project." Directly Charles Mathews appeared and exclaimed in his turn at her sparkle, her animation, she began. Sitting up, forced often to pause for breath, she said how she knew her fate; death was inevitable; how the thought of her husband's loneliness oppressed her—worse, the thought that he would marry again a woman who did not understand him. Here she paused exhausted, and Charles looked at Anne and Anne at Charles, as if to ask had she lost her reason? On she went again. It was even worse, she said, to think of Anne left in her youth and inexperience without such help as she, Eliza, might have given her. Thoughts of this kind embittered her last moments. Surely, then, they would grant the last request she would ever make? She took her husband's hand and kissed it; then took her friend's and kissed that too "in a solemn manner, which I remember made me tremble all over," and at last framed her terrible request. Would they, there and then, pledge themselves to marry each other when she was dead?

Both were flabbergasted. Anne burst into floods of tears. Never, she cried, never could she contemplate marriage with Mr. Mathews! She esteemed him; she admired him; she thought him the first comic actor of the age; that was all. Charles himself fairly scolded the dying woman for putting them in such an awful predicament. He ran after the sobbing girl to implore her to believe that it was none of his doing—that his wife was raving and no longer knew what she said. And so Eliza died. For months a coldness, an awkwardness, existed between the widower and his wife's friend. They scarcely met. Then, at the same moment, on the same night, the same vision visited them, far apart as they

were, in their sleep. Eliza came imploring to the side of each. Well, said Anne, it must be destiny; Shakespeare said so; "marriage comes of destiny" he said, and she was disposed to agree with Shakespeare. Twelve months after she had sworn that she could never feel anything but esteem for Mr. Mathews she was his wife.

But what conclusions are we led to draw from the behaviour of Sterne's ghost? Was it malicious or tender, did it come to warn or to mock, or merely to dip its handkerchief once more in the tears of lovers? Nobody could say. Charles Mathews told the story of the Stonegate ghost a hundred times in the green room at York, but nobody came forward with an explanation. Again one night he was telling the story when an old actress, who had returned to the stage after a long absence, and had heard nothing of the ghost or of the Mathews, exclaimed in astonishment, "Why, that was my dear Billy Leng!" And then she told them how they lodged next door to Mrs. Simpson's in Stonegate; how her dear Billy had been bedridden for many years; how, as his infirmities increased, so did his fear of robbers; how, being the most methodical of men and growing more so with age, he waited always for York Minster to chime midnight and then took his crutch-handled stick and beat forcibly on the calico at the back of his bed to warn any thief who might be concealed there. "It was no ghost," she cried. "It was my dear Billy Leng!"

Cleared of the imputation which the ghost of Sterne had cast upon them, Mrs. Simpson now let her rooms for the ordinary sum.

FROM ALPHA TO OMEGA

HOWEVER enthusiastic I may be in admiration of the newer, and possibly more original, ballets performed by Diaghileff's company—"Le Train Bleu," "Les Biches," and "Les Matelots"—each time I see "La Boutique Fantasque" I come away feeling that it remains the best of them all. It may be because, unlike the newer ballets, at no given moment is undue prominence allowed to either the music, the dancing, or the miming, but all three are perfectly combined, and yet the part of each thought out in the greatest detail. Last week it was interesting to watch both Lydia Lopokova and Vera Nemtchinova dance the part of the Can-Can dancer. While both are in the front rank among dancers, their style and their genius are totally different. Nemtchinova's facility and perfect control are surely unsurpassable, but she lacks just that vividness of personality which Lopokova has in abundance. And here, in the part of the Can-Can dancer, personality, vitality, and dramatic ability are almost more essential than anywhere else. While Lopokova wrung our hearts with the sorrow she expressed in her every movement when she discovered that she must leave her lover, Nemtchinova left us emotionally quite cold, though full of admiration for the beauty of her dancing. The dancing of the rest of the cast was very good—in particular that of Serge Lifar as the Shopkeeper's Assistant, Nicolas Ephimoff as the Snob, and Tamara Gevergeeva as the Cossack Girl.

It is a thousand pities that Mr. Nigel Playfair will not trust either the intelligence of his audience or the talent of his authors. Then he might cease to over-stress the points, and to "embellish"—the word is his own—the text. Instead of allowing us to enter into the spirit of his plays, he is always asking us to note the "quaintness." Thus our illusion, for even in a musical comedy we need to be in some sort illuded, is shattered when he makes his characters, who commonly speak perfectly normal 1925 English, say "obleegeed," "leesure," and "tay." Even if he is insistent upon archaeological exactness, there is no necessity for this last, for as early as about 1720 Prior rhymed it with "knee." This is the more the pity, as in "Lionel and Clarissa," now running at the Lyric, Hammersmith, Mr. Playfair seems to have found himself. It is an amusing enough musical

comedy on absurdly 1910 lines, at times very gay, and Mr. Playfair himself is admirable in his Squire Western part. The music is pleasant, the setting and costumes agreeable, and the play is well cast. Although a slightly more "amateurish" production might have suited Bickerstaffe better, it is a delight to see the superb, effortless finish of Miss Lottie Venne and Mr. Hayden Coffin. Miss Olive Groves makes a charming Clarissa.

There has not been anything in the London theatre for many a day to stir the imagination as it was stirred by the Phoenix Society's production of Marlowe's "Faustus," at the New Oxford Theatre, last week. The play was revealed not only as very great literature, but as extraordinarily effective drama rising to a great tragic climax. The performance also brought out the unity of the play, the comic scenes and characters merging into the whole more easily than in almost any Elizabethan tragedy. The acting of Mr. Swinley and Mr. Thesiger as Faustus and Mephistophilis was worthy of Marlowe. If he had no such chance as Mr. Swinley had in the death scene, which Mr. Swinley played greatly, Mr. Thesiger had some superb moments earlier. Some of the smaller parts were excellently played, too, more especially good being Miss Beatrice Wilson as Covetousness, and Miss Elsa Lanchester as Envy. The setting, if not riotously Marlovian, did credit to Mr. Wilkinson's feeling for stage decoration, and, except for the appearance of Lucifer, such blemishes as were noticeable in Mr. Alan Wade's production were of minor importance.

The Claridge Gallery, Brook Street, has an exhibition of paintings and pastels by Pedro Pruna, the young Spanish artist who designed the setting for the Diaghileff ballet, "Les Matelots." M. Pruna's last exhibition in London (at the same gallery) showed him to be a painter of undoubted talent, whose work was slavishly under Picasso's influence (a perfectly natural and legitimate phase in a young artist, who was, however, perhaps too immature to exhibit in quantity); it showed, nevertheless, promise of a more original kind. Now the Picasso phase seems to be passing, and in this exhibition (most of the pictures are dated 1925) M. Pruna gives a clearer idea of the painter he is likely to become. It is a good sign that he is returning to the Spanish school, to El Greco and Goya, as his masters, with a disregard for the fashions of the moment, although if one expected a quicker development, one may be disappointed in the pictures he shows here. One or two of them are striking (the romantic portrait "Le Contremaître," for instance, and the "Femme à la Mantille"), but none of them are very good. Some of the small, delicate figure-studies have considerable charm.

Things to see or hear in the coming week:—

Saturday, November 7.—International Society, 29th Exhibition, at the Royal Academy.

Sunday, November 8.—Mr. Reginald Berkeley's "The World's End," Repertory Players, at the Aldwych. Mr. C. R. Buxton on "Shakespeare's Comedies," at Indian Students' Union, at 5.

Monday, November 9.—Ibsen's "An Enemy of the People," Lena Ashwell Players, at the Century.

Tuesday, November 10.—Antoni Sala, Violoncello Recital, at 3, at Wigmore Hall.

Guimar Novaes, Piano Recital, at 8.15, at Æolian Hall.

Mark Hambourg, Piano Recital, at 8.15, at Queen's Hall.

Wednesday, November 11.—"Betty in Mayfair," at the Adelphi.

Professor G. Elliot Smith on "The Evolution of Man," at 5.30, at University College.

Sir Cecil Harcourt-Smith on "The Modern Note in Industrial Art," at 8.30, at Royal Society of Arts.

Thursday, November 12.—Chenil Chamber Orchestra, at 8.15, at Chenil Galleries.

Lamond, Beethoven Recital, at 3, at Queen's Hall.

OMICRON.

WINTER TRAVEL & SPORT SECTION

WINTER TRAVEL

IT is distinctly depressing to return to town at the end of the summer, as thousands do, with the knowledge that ten or eleven months of work, many of them cold and cheerless, lie obstructively ahead before the next holiday, especially as very often high cost and bad weather are the outstanding memories of country and seaside in July and August. Most amazingly, even many who live in the country forsake their gardens at the height of their loveliness, and return from the barrenness of hotel grounds to hear ruefully of glories they have never seen and fruits they have never plucked. All who are free to alter the year's design would do well to reflect that by going away in winter instead of summer they will travel in half-empty instead of overcrowded trains, pay far less, and bask in certain sunshine abroad or in sunshine as probable in England in January as in fitful August. The hot days of an English summer are so rare as to be enjoyable anywhere, but from fogs and the greyness of winter there is escape only in travel.

There are few things more absorbing than to take an atlas and turn the leaves, filling the pink and yellow spaces from imagination or experience with scenes of interest and charm, and planning visits to countries and cities with alluring names. After the summer holiday this pastime is to most a bitter-sweet entertainment, for there is no money left; but abolish the summer holiday, and open the atlas in October. Then the game is enthralling, for with holidays and the money for them "in hand," there is the definite problem of deciding where to go.

The tendency is to seek sunshine far away, but the map of England and Wales must not be too summarily dismissed. In January, 1925, the cliffs of Bournemouth were hot, and sitting out was a great deal more comfortable than on many August days of the same year. Sidmouth on the South Devon coast, too enclosed and stuffy in a hot summer, becomes delightfully warm and sheltered in colder weather, and is in the heart of beautiful country. Further along the wonderful coast Torquay attracts those who like a larger place, and Cornwall holds promise of a mild and sunny climate. Bath, a very fascinating hostess, Aberystwith, Barmouth, and Pwllheli in Wales, the Scilly Isles, the Isle of Wight, and the Channel Islands—all these are hospitable in winter.

But turn the pages of the atlas, cross the Channel, and take the road to Marseille—noisy, hooting Marseille—and all the sunny places of the Mediterranean seem accessible.

If there is not much time, it is quite wise not to go further than the South of France. The coast is extremely fine. Nice, Cannes, and Menton need no advertisement, and although their largest hotels are as expensive as all other luxurious hotels of the same type, there are quieter and less ostentatious ones. At Nice, Hôtel St. Pierre and Hôtel Suisse have been recommended as good and cheap; at Menton, Hôtel Belle Vue and Hôtel d'Italie, both of which have gardens; while at smaller and less well-known places within twenty miles of Marseille comfortable rooms and excellent food can be had for the equivalent of five shillings a day. Those who have paid six or seven guineas a week in hotels in August may writhe when they read this.

Once the Italian frontier is crossed the wealth of attractive winter places is almost embarrassing. Italy

gives of everything with full hands. First, there is the stretch of coast known as the Ligurian Riviera, with Bordighera, San Remo, Alassio (which has a good English library), Ospedaletti, Diano Marina, Ruta, and the supremely beautiful Santa Margherita, Rapallo, and Portofino. Levanto, one of the smaller places, is very sheltered. Merano in the valley of the Upper Adige, not so warm but extremely charming, is surrounded by snow mountains and vine-clad hills. The hotels and boarding-houses are very good and not too dear. There is skating and tennis and an abundance of delightful walks, and Cortina and its winter sports are within easy distance.

Naples is warm enough to be pleasant in winter, and is an excellent centre for exploring the coast and Pompeii. Capri, for long regarded as an inevitable excursion from Naples, has been discovered to be a desirable place to stay in. The famous Blue Grotto, swarming with small boats and predatory boatmen, is not nearly so attractive as the many deserted grottos all round the island; at one's leisure one can row about and see coral growing in the amazing blue, picnic on the rocky cliffs amongst inquisitive lizards, paddle and bathe in a warm sea.

Wonderful winter quarters are to be found in Sicily, whose weather resembles that of the finest English spring; cool to cold at night, it gradually warms up till noon, when it is hot enough to sit and bask in comfort. Different tastes must seek different districts. For those who like "to see life" Palermo is delightful. The great event of the day there is a kind of parade round the town in carriages and cars, which takes place every afternoon in the sunny hours, all the "best people" airing themselves and showing themselves off. Those English people who go abroad still to be amongst their "ain folk" must go to Taormina, which from the point of view of beauty is unsurpassed. It is perched up in the rocks above the sea with sheer rocks above and below, and Etna towering over it all the time. But it has its tourists and tea-shops, curio bazaars and touts, and to avoid these one must go to Syracuse. The little town is charming, and the country round superb. One lives there in the atmosphere of the age of Alcibiades. Still less frequented are Girgenti, with wonderful remains of temples, and Sciacca, where for fear of brigands it is still unsafe to go outside the city walls at night. The cheese, honey, and fish of Sicily are delicious, but the goats' milk gives a form of Malta fever, and the butter is not good. The Sicilians are a mixture of every civilization which has touched Europe, and the architecture is much the same, for an example of almost every age can be found in its perfection. The people are sullen, quiet, and reserved—until one knows them, when they are most friendly—very simple, and superstitious. A traveller once asked a Sicilian fisherman why all their boats have an eye painted on the prow and what the eye was. His answer was, "It's the eye of a fish—or maybe" (after a long pause) "the eye of God."

Sicily is an excellent jumping-off ground for the north coast of Africa, Tunis being only a night's journey from Palermo, and Tripoli thirty hours from Syracuse. Tripoli is certainly not yet tourist-ridden, and there are wonderful Roman remains in the vicinity. It would be very interesting to spend some days there before proceeding to Tunis, whose *souks*, the maze of dimly lit

vaulted streets lined with booths and glowing with the gorgeous colours of Eastern wares, are a memorable sight, while Carthage and Kairouan, the holy city, are within easy reach.

From Tunis to Constantine, built above the precipitous sides of a rocky gorge, and thence south to the Desert, stopping at Batna to see Timgad, the excavated Roman city. The train leaves the sunny little station of El Kantara and crawls through a gap in the great chain of the Aurès Mountains. It is an amazing experience to look down for the first time on a vast oasis of palm trees and the desert, dotted with other oases, stretching away beyond. Soon Biskra is reached, a good centre for seeing Sidi Okba (a great place of pilgrimage whose mosque is considered the oldest building in Africa), the hot springs of Hammam Salahine, and the Sand Dunes. The date market of Biskra, where Europeans are rarely seen; the native village and its orange and lemon groves; the strange Ouled Nail dancing girls and their sinister streets; the irresistible Arab children asking, "Good evening, Mr. Lady, how are you to-day?" and eternally begging; the wonder of the sunrises and sunsets seen from flat white roofs, the muezzin calling the faithful to prayer from the minaret of the mosque, caravans laden with dates streaming in from the desert, the sight of twenty camels beneath one's bedroom window, the lonely Bedouin encampments beyond the walls, the graceful figures of Arabs in flowing burnous and their mysterious veiled women—these are worth travelling very far to see: yet by the more direct route from Marseille to Algiers they can be reached in three days.

It is a great mistake to go so far and not to go a day's journey farther south to Touggourt. Less burdened with tourists and hotels than Biskra, it has a large open market and miles of curious covered streets. From there it is easy to camp out in the desert, or to go into it by "caterpillar" car, and find that the sands of the Sahara are of dazzling colours swept by the wind into miraculous patterns.

Further than Touggourt the train does not go, but the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique (22, Pall Mall, S.W.1) has instituted a series of motor tours through Algeria, Tunisia, Morocco, and the desert, which takes in all the most interesting places and is well worth considering if a North African tour is contemplated.

Granada, Malaga, Seville, and Algeciras in the South of Spain are alluring, and Mont Estoril, south of Lisbon, has a splendid climate and an inexpensive, good hotel, the d'Italie. Font Romeu, off the beaten track in the Pyrenees, is high up, and has magnificent views. The Spanish Travel Bureau (44, Piccadilly Circus, W.1) circulates information about these parts.

"Popular tours" and other recent developments may have taken away from travel some of its rarity and romance, but we have gained in the variety of ways of seeing the world. In the course of a short journey we can use rail, motor, sea, and air, and we can eliminate to a great extent the medium we like least. It may not be generally known that the Royal Automobile Club has a very efficient Touring Department, which prepares continental routes to suit the individual tastes of its members, and gives them all the necessary instruction with regard to the shipping of cars abroad. Moreover, it arranges tours for those who wish to hire cars on the other side. A very pleasant suggested winter itinerary starts from Dieppe and runs through Rouen, Chartres, Poitiers to Biarritz, thence *via* Pau, Carcassonne, Béziers, Aix to Nice, with an alternative return route. Associate membership, which carries with it the benefit of all such advice and many other privileges, costs only two guineas a year.

Some find a holiday at sea the only holiday, and for these there is a great choice of Mediterranean cruises, the fares starting from £30; and a number of lines run cruises to Madeira and the Canary Islands.

Egypt is probably still the paradise of winter travellers, and the Nile with its pyramids, tombs, and temples the eternal lure. Palestine and Syria are within easy reach of Egypt by train. All the places of Biblical history become realities; the interesting Jewish Agricultural Settlements can be investigated, and Damascus and the astounding ruins of Baalbek.

To go to the Far East is still the privilege of the few. When leaves are falling, muffin bells ringing, and a damp mist rising in the streets of London, it is time to set out to see the world—if one can. But the East has no monopoly of sunshine. The climate of the West Indies from October to March is superb. Apart from the beauty of the islands, there is good cricket—an English team is going over this winter—and there are plays by English and American travelling companies. The United States, too, rich in everything, has some beautiful winter resorts in Florida, California, and Arizona, and South America is lavish with sunshine.

South Africa sounds far away, but a seventeen days' voyage brings one to Cape Town, and the worst months here are the best there. A tour bounded on the north by Johannesburg and on the east by Durban discloses modern cities, the barren spaces of the Karoo, battlefields, diamond mines, broad rivers and immense waterfalls, native kraals, the wonderful Drakensberg Mountains—an infinite and vastly interesting variety.

Whether it be long or short, the journey ends, and one returns to find the days longer and spring in the air. The winter holiday is not only a joy in itself: it drives a wedge of sunshine into the long dreariness and brings summer nearer.

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WINTER SPORTS IN SWITZERLAND

WHEN we are taking our summer holidays we usually decide to forgo Switzerland in the following winter, and to stay a week or two longer by the sea or on the moors. But at this time of year, when fogs are prevalent and many days are dark, my wife remarks that we shall all be in urgent need of sunshine by Christmas; that it is "positively wicked" to stay at home and get ill when we might all be filled with abounding health in Switzerland; and that it is "cheaper in the long run" to spend the money on travelling and hotel bills than to hoard it up for doctors and medicine. At this I feebly protest; pointing out that we are not hoarding up the money but have spent it already on extended summer holidays. This is mainly a matter of form; an assertion of my authority as the Head of the House; I know really that the thing is settled, and my opposition is not whole-hearted.

"Very well," I say, eventually. "To-morrow I will go to Cook's and ask them to get the same rooms as last year."

"Oh, no," says my wife, "don't let's go to the same place again. I like to try somewhere fresh."

It's always like that. My inclination is to repeat over and over again anything that I have enjoyed. I return like a cat to my accustomed corner. But my wife is more enterprising. She is continually discovering some new choice spot, with which I immediately fall in love, but to which she seldom allows me to return. This year I have made things worse by bringing home a most attractive little book called "Things Seen in Switzerland in Winter,"* profusely illustrated (the adverb is the publisher's) with photographs. I strongly recommend anyone who wishes to stay away from the Winter Sports not to buy that book. To anyone who has been there before, it is like the smell of roast goose to the younger Cratchits or the sound of the horn to the old hunter.

Having decided, then, to go to the Winter Sports this year, the next question is, where shall we go? Fortunately for those who have to depend on my advice, it doesn't much matter where you go. All the regular places deliver the goods, and the goods are snow, ice, jolly mountains, fascinating games, healthy exercise (violent for those who like it violent, and gentle for the aged and infirm), comfortable hotels, and, above all, hot sunshine, such as we get in England on the finest summer days. The author of the little book I mentioned is specially attracted by Wengen, and he is no bad judge. Wengen is in the Bernese Oberland, on the slopes of the Mannlichen Range. It is essentially an Englishman's place. At an altitude of 4,500 feet, it gets as much snow as any other Swiss resort, and is very sunny. There are no roads and only a few necessary shops, so there is nothing to attract showy or vulgar people; but there are two good skating-rinks and vast ski-ing fields, and you can dance in the hotels after dark. It is a place in which to play about in the sun. On the other side of the gorge and visible from Wengen is Mürren, in an equally sunny and lovely position, and at an even higher altitude. But Mürren caters for the livelier type of visitor. Those who like to take their pleasures boisterously and to take them by night as well as by day would be well advised to try Mürren and leave Wengen in peace. These places are on the mountains' sides. Down below them in a deep valley (though still 3,500 feet above sea level) lies Grindelwald, a great

* By Charles W. Domville-Fife. (Seeley, Service, & Co. Ed.)

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skating centre, with many fine hotels, from the Bear Grand, with its 200 rooms and 50 bathrooms, down to a moderate pension, and the proud possessor of a magnificent bobsleigh run three miles long. The point to remember about Grindelwald, however, is that the sun only looks at it over the mountain tops for about two hours a day. This is an advantage from the point of view of the skating enthusiast, because it keeps the ice in good condition, but the sun-worshipper has to go out of the town to find happiness.

My own favourite winter sports place, for the excellent reason that it was the first I visited, is Château d'Oex, which lies on the sunny side of a wide valley and retains the sun from 10 a.m. till 4 p.m. every day. This was one of the first places in Switzerland to be converted into a British playground, and its visitors are still drawn almost exclusively from the United Kingdom (if that remains a correct geographical expression). Château d'Oex is reached by the remarkable Montreux Oberland Railway and lies about halfway between Montreux and Spiez. A little higher up on the same line is Gstaad, one of the most fashionable winter resorts, in which every type of sportsman can find ample scope, and the seeker after high life can feel that he is "in the swim."

All these places are in the Bernese Oberland, and there are many others equally delightful. It is only fair, however, to say a word about the equally famous Engadine. The largest and gayest resort in this region is St. Moritz, which caters for every type of holiday-maker. It has large rinks for skating and curling, good roads for tailing (an amusement which I will describe soon), plenty of expeditions for skiers, and the famous Cresta run for tobogganing, but it also provides entertainment for the looker-on. There are horse-racing and ski-kjøring (which I will also interpret) on the lake, races and exhibition skating on the big rinks, ski-jumping competitions, and so forth—many cafés and tea-shops, all with bands, and balls of every description in the hotels at night. For those who want a quieter holiday in the Engadine, Pontresina, Samaden, Celerina, and Maloja offer the same attractions as Wengen and the other places I have mentioned.

As this is an article about winter sports, I shall be expected perhaps to say something on that subject. Skating need not be described. Though it is seldom possible to use them in England, most people have seen a pair of skates, and I need only say that on the jolly Swiss rinks, carefully swept and watered every night, the least skilful skater can enjoy himself, while the keen man attains an astonishing proficiency in such favourable conditions. At any of the Swiss winter resorts you can practically count on good skating, for it very rarely thaws sufficiently to spoil the ice. Snow is a more variable commodity, and those who cannot be happy without unlimited snow should make for the high altitudes and not be over-confident even there. But more often than not, snow falls plentifully about Christmas time, and then the able-bodied, even if they are keen skaters, are lured away by the skis. Skis are snow-shoes of wood, an arm's length longer than their wearer, upon which the sportsman climbs laboriously sideways to the top of a sloping field of snow and then comes down again at a terrific speed and, if he is skilful, with infinite grace. It is an amazing sight to see an expert skier glide down a mountain side, shoot off the edge of a precipice, land on his feet far below, and continue on his way. But it must not be supposed that ski-ing is a sport for the reckless acrobat alone. Any person with a sound pair of legs can, when he overcomes the initial awkwardness,

find healthful enjoyment on the "nursery slopes" which every Swiss resort provides. Ski-kjøring is a more exclusive sport. This consists of being drawn along on skis by a horse, which is frequently urged into a gallop—capital fun to watch, but precarious, to say the least of it, for the novice. Bob-sleighbing and tobogganing are also dangerous games, the object being to attain an enormous speed on carefully prepared tracks; but there is a little sledge for one, called a "luge," which any child of any age can safely play with on an open slope, or, better still, on a luge-run between high banks of snow into which one can fall comfortably if the luge tips up. "Tailing" is excellent fun also when the snow is deep. For that a luge, or, better still, a number of luges, are tied in single file behind a horse-drawn sleigh, each luge having its rider. Going uphill the proceedings are staid enough, but downhill, or round corners, some rider is sure to be upset and, if he should be next the sleigh, is likely to bring the others off also. A fall in the dry soft snow is perfectly harmless, but it is a mistake to go tailing unless all hard substances are deeply covered. And then there is curling, a famous Scottish game, resembling bowls, but played with large polished stones on smooth ice. I will not endeavour to reveal the mysterious charm of curling, but I have known skaters and even skiers lured away from their accustomed sports by the fascination of the curling rink.

What about clothes? Well, you can if you like easily spend £100 in London on a winter sports outfit, but it is not necessary to do so. The one thing to make sure of is foot-comfort. For skating, any boots which support the ankles will do if they are stout enough for skates to be attached to them. For ski-ing, boots with curved heels are necessary, so that the straps which hold the skis do not slip off. They should also be roomy, as you may want to wear two pairs of stockings. It is advisable, indeed, to have either the special stockings with a flap to turn down over the boots and keep the snow out, or putties, which serve the same purpose. For walking or lugeing stout boots with nails in them are needed; ski-ing boots will do, and they can be bought in any winter sports resort. For curling, or walking on the rinks, it is necessary to wear rubber snow-shoes, or "gouties," and these are very handy to slip on over house-shoes for a stroll at any time. It is only the feet which require special provision for a first attempt at winter sports. For the rest, a couple of sweaters, a pair of riding-breeches or plus fours, a tweed jacket, a light waterproof, the usual winter underclothing and evening clothes are all man or woman needs. The latter, by the way, does need the riding-breeches or some breeches of waterproof material—skirts are not convenient for ski-ing or lugeing. The most sensible clothing when the sun is up is that worn by the children at Leysin sanatorium—a loincloth and nothing more. That this is possible—to play about in the snow and even to lie still with nothing on in ten degrees of frost—may help the reader to realize the most notable fact about the Swiss Alps in winter, that the strength of the sunshine and the absence of wind make it delightful to do anything or nothing in the way of winter sports.

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- The Spirit-Ridden Konde.** By D. R. MACKENZIE. (Seeley & Service. 21s.)
- Among Papuan Headhunters.** By E. BAXTER RILEY. (Seeley & Service. 21s.)
- Six Years in the Malay Jungle.** By CARVETH WELLS. (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.)
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- Two Vagabonds in Languedoc.** By JAN and CORA GORDON. (Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.)
- Game Trails in British Columbia.** By A. BRYAN WILLIAMS. (Murray. 21s.)

THE Desert has been so obscured by popular novelists that such a rare book as "The Lost Oases," pleasant, interpretative, and unselfish, is to be appreciated. An Egyptian Mussulman, unspoiled by his Western education, Hassanein Bey, with an obvious racial advantage, brings us a clear sense of the desert, its continuity and quiet pressure on the mind, undisturbed by that undisciplined rush of emotions consequent on new sights, sounds, or silences which the European tourist vainly supposes to be impressions. His scientific journey, into the Libyan Desert, of more than two thousand miles, lasted for seven months, resulted in the rediscovery of the secret oases of Arkenu and Ouenat, and was sequel to an expedition made in 1921, which ended at Kufra, and in which, as it will be remembered, Mrs. Rosita Forbes, whose Eastern visitations are lost in sandstorms of sensation, took part. With the inalienable calm of the East, he describes the great religious sect of the Senussi, the traditions of the caravan and camel-lore, in native acceptance of discomfort or hardship. A typical episode, which reveals nomadic life and that courtesy of great spaces which we have lost, may be quoted:—

"As we passed El Lebba . . . the solitary graceful figure of a girl appeared beside our path, her face hidden from us by the Beduin veil. With one voice the men nearest her called out the traditional greeting:

'Wajhik! Wajhik! Your face! Your face!'

The girl turned and demurely drew aside her veil, to disclose the finely chiselled features, the clear olive skin, and the shy yet dignified expression of a Beduin maiden. The men shouted with delight at her beauty and her courtesy. To complete the tradition, I ordered them 'to empty gun-powder' at her feet. Hamid and Sad performed the graceful ceremony, first one and then the other. The man danced lightly towards her as if to the imaginary rhythm of a Beduin drum, his rifle held in both hands over his head . . . shouting a desert love song as he went. Just in front of her he dropped lightly on one knee, brought his gun to the vertical position, butt upward, and fired, a hair's-breadth from her feet.

"So close was the shot and so accurate his aim that the girl's slippers were singed by the powder flash. She did not flinch at the explosion, but stood gracefully erect in her pride at the honour done her. Singed slippers are a mark of distinction in the desert that any Beduin girl cherishes."

However he may regard aboriginal races, the military observer must, of necessity, recognize their fighting abilities. In "Havash," Major Jones, who commanded Abyssinian troops, describes a punitive expedition by which he succeeded, though severely wounded, in destroying a "nest" of raiders on the Kenya Frontier. In his opinion, Kenya is too equatorial to be a white man's country, can never compete seriously in trade with other colonies, and is certainly no place for the intending emigrant of small means.

The missionary, as observer, is necessarily limited by the emotional fact that he is engaged in substituting what he believes to be the truth for what he must regard as super-

stition or, at most, dim intimations of his own belief. Mr. Harry Caldwell, with American candour, has written a refreshing book in which he describes heartily his enjoyable and dangerous exploits of injecting lead into tigers. The devout may wonder what blue tigers have got to do with sectarian Christianity in China. It happened that Mr. Caldwell (who, as he tells us himself, carries a Bible in one hand and a rifle in the other) killed a notorious, man-eating tiger which had frightened the natives of a remote canton, who had hardened their hearts against the truth. His subsequent little homily is worth quoting. Having toyed with the mechanism of his tiger gun until the childlike heathens were attracted, he seized the psychological moment and boldly spake: "Friends, you agree with me that this gun is better than yours and that the American farm implement is better than those with which you cultivate your fields and harvest your grain, and when you have listened to what I have to say about the 'Christ doctrine,' you will see that it too is better than the religion of your fathers." We tremble to think of what Mr. Caldwell might accomplish with a howitzer, for we prefer the methods of Francis Xavier.

The tribes who dwell northward of Lake Nyasa are deeply religious, but Mr. Mackenzie, having chosen the popular title "The Spirit-Ridden Konde," in his painstaking description of sacred dances, divination, and witchcraft, has to yield, more or less, to our superior prejudice. Mr. Riley, in his story of the Fly River people in Papua, is more certain of our white civilization, and deplores the fact that native children are still kept good by being told that there are wicked spirits behind every bush. Yet in Europe there are still bogies, and a Protestant mother in Ulster keeps her naughty child from a dangerous pool by saying it is "full of little Popes!" The head-hunting of the Papuans, now a vanishing custom, is really not sensational; it is not very long since we impaled the bloody heads of malefactors and persons from whose political opinions we differed: the Papuan has more taste, he carefully prepares and dries them by smoke.

"Six Years in the Malay Jungle" is an amusing, but hardly instructive, book. Mr. Wells, as an engineer, had not time or liking for natural observation, but jotted down his experiences with a sense of fun. Frogs sat in his bath; a very shy fish climbed a tree and winked (positively, of course) at him; and as there are twenty thousand or so species of insects, many of them a foot long, in Malay, he had a fairly busy time.

Our four books by women travellers, despite the modern disappearance of the smelling-salts-bottle, are quite feminine. Madame Vassal, whose husband is Director of Health for French Equatorial Africa, wept on seeing her new home. It had no electricity! Black servants were so inefficient! But Congo babies were darlings!

To Angkor, that luxurious city of temples and palaces lost for centuries in the jungle, devout Americans evidently throng: Miss Candee met a crowd of compatriotic tourists there, and writes in so sustained a strain of exclamatory ecstasy that we are compelled to fall back on the fascinating photographs of bas-reliefs. Miss Mordecai, also American, with more restraint, draws pleasant, idealized pictures of India and Ceylon. Miss Niles, repeating an attractive formula, describes Colombia and the fascinating city of Cartagena, dreaming of its Spanish past—the popular *pot-pourri* method.

Jan and Cora Gordon are, of course, specialists, and are adept at the genteel, but highly sophisticated, art of vagabondage. They have written up Languedoc with charm and chattiness, and, when they talk of Phoebus Apollo, they really mean the sun.

In bracing pages Mr. Williams tells us of sport in British Columbia, of grizzlies, big-horn rams, and deer—a difficult theme to vary, for sportsmen only listen to each other in the hope of grabbing all the conversation.

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ONE of the best quotations which Mr. Lytton Strachey ever unearthed was Dr. Arnold's confession: "The whole subject of the brute creation is to me one of such painful mystery that I dare not approach it." There are a good many people who take Dr. Arnold's view of animals, and the world may be roughly divided into people who have a passion for dogs and cats and those who cannot abide them. Anyone who agrees with Dr. Arnold should not read this article, for I am very far from being on his side of the world, I am going to write about animals, and it will not be easy to conceal the fact that I do so with enthusiasm. A book has recently been published, "My Friend Toto," by Cherry Kearton (Arrowsmith, 5s.), which gives an account of a chimpanzee which Mr. Kearton kept as a pet during his travels in Africa and which became so much his friend that he could not part from it and brought it back with him to England. To the animal lover it is a thoroughly interesting book, for Toto, besides being unusually intelligent, was a character.

I had hardly finished reading about Toto, when there was published "Lions 'n Tigers 'n Everything," by Courtney Ryley Cooper (Cape, 7s. 6d.), and as soon as I opened it, I knew that I had lit upon something quite out of the ordinary. Outside such scientific works as "The Mentality of Apes," it is the most remarkable book about animals that I have ever read. Mr. Cooper is an American showman who knows everything about circuses and the animals which are the backbone of all circuses. But as a writer of books he is very nearly, if not quite, an artist. In a few words he will give you an astonishingly vivid feeling of what the circus life is. His descriptions, e.g., of a panic and stampede of circus elephants, are admirable. The proverbial "no dull page in this book" happens for once to be true. True, that is, for anyone who has a passion for the animal world, who finds a mystery in the brute creation, but a fascinating, not a painful, mystery. The real interest centres in the lions and the tigers, the dogs and the elephants.

The general impression which one gets from the book is one of astonishment at the character and intelligence of the animals which Mr. Cooper has met in his circus life. His stories are, in fact, so good that it is impossible occasionally not to hesitate over their "tallness." But anyone who has had much experience of animals at close quarters, and particularly the wilder kind of wild beasts, will hesitate even longer before he expresses disbelief. Personally, I dismiss the storyteller who anthropomorphizes his animals, sentimentally imputing human emotions and thoughts to them. But if he merely states the facts which he has observed, as Mr. Cooper does, I would not disbelieve them only because they would seem to imply remarkable character, understanding, and social economy in the animal world. I have lived on terms of some intimacy with both a leopard and a bear which were born in the jungle. It is true that both of them entered civilized life very young, and that the leopard never succeeded in entirely reconciling himself to the prejudices of human beings or in living amicably in the same house as a monkey. But they rapidly developed very distinct characters of their own, and they displayed an astonishing understanding both of things and persons. The bear was a most charming and intelli-

gent companion, and, if I had not known him, I might have doubted some of Mr. Cooper's stories about the extraordinary attachments which some animals in circuses form for particular human beings or other animals.

The most interesting chapters in Mr. Cooper's book are those devoted to the elephants. The circus man, according to Mr. Cooper, loves the elephant better than any other animal, because "they can be the most foolish, yet at the same time remain fundamentally the most sagacious beasts of the whole animal kingdom"; and in another place he says that "they are so many-sided, so lovable, so exasperating and so fearful, that their complete story is a far greater one than that of all the other menagerie animals combined." His stories of "Old Mom," the autocratic ruler of a herd of nine circus elephants, certainly bear out his assertion. It is a notable fact that, in Mr. Cooper's opinion, the job of the lion and tiger tamer is child's play compared with that of the superintendent of the elephants. What makes the elephant such a terror to the circus man is elephantine nerves. The elephant, like the horse, is liable at any moment to the most devastating panic; a thunderstorm, a mouse, or a shadow may stampede a circus herd, and one can imagine the result of half-a-dozen runaway elephants in a circus among the cages of wild beasts, or in the crowded streets of a town. The safety of the circus and the town has often depended upon the nerve of a single man, the superintendent. Two of Mr. Cooper's finest stories are concerned with such a stampede, one during a hurricane at Winnipeg, and the other in a crowded street at Berkeley, California, during a circus procession through the town.

The elephant in its wild state is, in my experience, very much what he is, according to Mr. Cooper, in the circus, extremely intelligent, at times almost incredibly stupid, mischievous, and, when you are least expecting it, dangerous. There are few better tests for one's nerves than a sudden meeting in the jungle with an elephant or a herd of elephants. It is not only their enormous bulk; they seem to belong to another age or another world. I was sitting up one night watching at a waterhole which was in the centre of a great bare, smooth sheet of rock rising out of the jungle. A terrible plague, rinderpest, had swept over this piece of country, killing off the wild buffalo, the wild pig, and some of the deer. There were five or six corpses on the rock, and one buffalo had died as he was drinking and had fallen into the waterhole. It was a bright, moonlit, still night, and about two o'clock there was a sudden trampling and crashing, and a herd of seven or eight elephants appeared out of the darkness of the jungle in the brilliant moonlight. They moved slowly up the rock one behind the other, and lined up in a row at the waterhole. A leopard, deer, a jackal had all drunk the water that night, but it was too foul for the elephants. They would not touch it, and they stood there for some time swaying their trunks, lifting first one foot and then another. I have never seen any sight more impressive or strange than that silent swaying and shuffling. No other animal could give one such an impression of power and antediluvian wisdom. At last they moved off slowly down the rock one behind the other, melancholy and majestic, to disappear with a great crashing into the shadows.

LEONARD WOOLF.

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THE CRITICS ON CHAUCER

Five Hundred Years of Chaucer Criticism and Allusion, 1357-1900. By CAROLINE F. E. SPURGEON. 3 vols. (Cambridge University Press. 50s.)

THE Cambridge University Press has done a specially good deed in (after a sort of double fashion) publishing these three stately volumes, originally collected, arranged, and produced privately for and by the Chaucer Society. By so doing it has godfathered, recommended, and made generally accessible a work unusually fruitful in "uses," as certain preachers used to say. There is a Use of Admiration, if not even one of Amazement, at the pains which must have been spent on the construction of the book. There is a Use of Instruction—for very few honest people will be able to declare that they find nothing new in it. Hence there is further a Use of Use, for it will be a very valuable reference book. And finally there are to be found in it various Uses of Delight, from mere amusement to a certain form of delectation which some people consider sinful, but which can be easily defended by any casuist of moderate ability. This is the pleasure derived from the imbecility of our fellow-creatures—quite a different thing from that formulated in La Rochefoucauld's most famous maxim, and one which, if combined with proper, not Pharisaic, thankfulness, and a genuine exercise of the sense of humour, may be indulged in without any fear of internal deterioration or external punishment.

It is almost needless to say that, putting Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio aside, no modern European writer affords anything like such a subject for this particular form of investigation as Chaucer. Until comparatively recently the attentions paid by the French to their ancient writers have been very few and rather far between: indeed, no longer ago than the foundation of the Société des Anciens Textes Français, one can remember very cool reception of that Society by French men of letters of no small distinction. The Germans, one thinks, have been, in a way, more continuously faithful: but until the middle of the eighteenth century it was not a critical way. In anything like real criticism we were nearly a century ahead of them. But remarks of "a kind of sort of" critical nature have been made on Chaucer in England ever since his death, if not earlier; and he has been continuously "talked about" even at the time when he was least read, and when for about a century there was no reprint of his works. Even Shakespeare-allusions and Shakespeare-criticism are in a sense less interesting. For Shakespeare was constantly kept in print and still more constantly on the stage; and the history of his reputation is two hundred years shorter.

Miss (or if she prefers it Professor) Spurgeon has given an excellent summary of her collections in the first hundred and fifty pages of her first volume—a summary so good that the laziest reader, possessed of the slightest intelligence and interest in literature, will hardly drop the book till he has finished it. But he will certainly lose a great deal if he drops it then. The general features of this summary, re-summarized, are, indeed, striking enough. Chaucer's immediate popularity, and what we may call its immediate duration, were unusual: but there was something curious about both. It was at first the beauty of his language that seems to have struck most people, with a certain special respect for his moral and philosophical powers. Then there sprung up a rather pestilent habit of leashing him with Gower and Lydgate—the one a very respectable person in more ways than one, and the other not to be too ill spoken of—but about as fit to be yoked with Chaucer as Lewis Morris and Martin Tupper with Tennyson or Browning. In the early sixteenth century Chaucer had a fresh access of something like actual fashionableness: followed, as we might expect, by a reaction, itself lightened by the magnificence of Spenser's tribute. It was now, however, the very point of language which had been at first so much admired that told against him, for people had begun to dislike black-letter and, indeed, were not much assisted by editors: while the metre, which in a rather unintelligible way had for some time given difficulties, seems to have escaped comprehension altogether. Also these same people began to speak lightly of the poet as a teller of libertine stories—probably because

these stories were the only parts of him they read. It is fair, however, to mention Kynaston's curious translation of the "Troilus" into Latin rhyme-royal—to which Miss Spurgeon behaves better than some Neo-Chaucerians one has known. At the end of the seventeenth century came Dryden's modernization of the "Knight's Tale" and others—a thing made on a bad principle, no doubt, and likely to put most people further off Chaucer himself, but fine in its own way and accompanied by what is perhaps to this very time the finest literary estimate of the poet in all but the still abiding mistakes as to metre. The eighteenth century was rather less neglectful of Chaucer than the seventeenth: but was in a still greater muddle about him, since it mixed him up with Pope and Dryden, and in hardly more than a single case got to the right angle about his poetry. Johnson, it is true, thought of an edition, but from some remarks of his we may be happy that he never did it. However, at the beginning of the fourth quarter there came Tyrwhitt, whom one may almost call the Columbus of Chaucer—or at least the Columbus of that valued "e" which is the secret of Chaucer's metre, and of divers other Chauceriana. The great Romantic revival, of course, brought Chaucer back with it, but rather more slowly and in less complete fashion than might have been expected, especially with Tyrwhitt to help. It was some time before even Coleridge came right about him; though when he did, he left, as usual, only expansion to others as far as the poetry was concerned. Nor was it till near the middle of the nineteenth century, owing to Sir Harris Nicolas for the life and to the Aldine and Moxon editions of the works, that Chaucer began fully to come to his own as regards poetical enjoyment. It was a little later that Dr. Furnivall's begetting of the Chaucer Society brought about full inquiries into the less purely æsthetic Chauceriana—questions of life, text, authenticity of attributed works, &c., culminating in the great Oxford edition of Canon and Apocrypha thirty years ago, and, it may be added, in this admirable "Companion." Wicked little birds said that it required some persuasion to induce that most erudite and amiable of scholars in English, the late Professor Skeat, to include the Apocrypha at all; but he luckily relented. Some of it is not worth much, no doubt. But if it was a poetess who wrote "The Flower and the Leaf," she has no younger sister at all with us till the matchless Orinda and the much more matchless Aphra centuries later: and only inferior ones in French from Christine de Pisan to Louise Labé. Also if "Philogenet, of Cambridge, Clerk," really wrote "The Court of Love," all good Oxford critics of poetry will gladly admit him *ad eundem* there.

The abundant amusement with which we have credited the book is, however, of course to be sought in its details. The present reviewer finds that he has noted in reading some three-score and ten places specially inviting shorter or longer comment. That is impossible: and such things as the great Spenserian and Drydenian eulogies—even as young Mr. Addison's dismissal of Chaucer as an obsolete and now ineffectual buffoon—ought to be pretty well known. But though there may not be many things as good as those praises, there are many as bad and therefore as amusing as this blame. It should be mentioned that, besides the English matter, there is a surprisingly large collection of French (Eustache Deschamps' famous beginning is given in facsimile from MS.): and Germany is also well represented from the times when she produced critics and not merely scholiasts. Nor should we omit to mention that the illustrations add a good deal to the attraction of the book: Blake's comparatively little known "Pilgrims" being given, as well as Stothard's.

Some say that a review without a fault-finding is bread without salt. *Once* (she is correct elsewhere) Miss Spurgeon gives the author of "The Broad Stone of Honour" the title of knight, which he did not share with his more famous namesake the husband of Venetia. And as she quite rightly quotes an early reference in Thackeray's minor work, she might have added the mention of "the black-letter of Chaucer" in "The Virginians" as a favourite reading of George (not yet Sir George) Warrington. But since the first is obviously a mere slip of the pen, and the second an omission perhaps not worth supplying, the catalogue of sins cannot be called serious.

GEORGE SAINTBURY.

ALFRED MARSHALL

Memorials of Alfred Marshall. Edited by A. C. PIGOU. (Macmillan, 12s. 6d.)

THIS well-edited memorial of the great master of modern economics consists of three elements. There is first a series of tributes from five of the most distinguished of his pupils (Professor Edgeworth, though almost a contemporary, would, I believe, think it no shame to be included for convenience in this description). There is, secondly, a collection of Marshall's formal addresses and some other occasional works, which, while they have long existed in print, have been difficult of access by the ordinary reader. And there is, thirdly, a number of hitherto unpublished fragments and letters, mainly, but not entirely, on technical topics.

About the book as a whole there is an impressive unity: there rises slowly from its pages a clear and consistent image of a great person, reverend, lovable, slightly exasperating, a mighty forger of intellectual weapons, an untiring servant of the human race. Yet to one whose place is among the countless spiritual grandsons of Marshall, each part of the book suggests somewhat different reflections. By the memorial tributes one is struck in particular with two things—the shining and diverse endowments of Marshall's spiritual sons, and the special need in which his work and his person stood of such varied and sympathetic interpretation as they here receive. The present reviewer saw Marshall but once—in one of those rare epiphanies when he was manifested to the younger generation of Cambridge economists in the closing years before the war. Of course it was a deeply memorable event; but too memorable, too exceptional, to breed true appreciation or comprehension. "An old man cometh up; and he is covered with a mantle. And Saul perceived that it was Samuel, and he stooped with his face to the ground, and bowed himself." We needed, and still more do our successors need, some pinches of human salt to scatter over the almost deliberate tonelessness of the great blue volumes. In this book the need is met. I think every freshman will stomach his "Principles" more easily for being allowed to open his ears to the noble eloquence of Professor Pigou's memorial lecture, and to join in the rollicking affectionate banter of Professor Fay. And students of maturer judgment will win much enlightenment from Mr. Keynes's model biographical study—painstaking, penetrating, a marvel of selection and concentration. They will realize, perhaps for the first time, the range and the profundity of Marshall's technical achievement, and understand more clearly than before the nature of the general intellectual and ethical forces which shaped his life and work.

The reprinted addresses cover a wide field. It must suffice to mention particularly the curious knowledge displayed, or rather suffered to trickle forth, in the lecture on "Water as an Element of National Wealth," and the unrivalled exposition of the purpose and methods of economic science given by the new Professor of Political Economy at Cambridge in his inaugural lecture in 1885. In reading these long tracts of "Marshallese," I was struck again, as I was on a first reading of "Industry and Trade," by the thought that the nearest parallel to Marshall's English is to be found in the books, not of any other economist or scientific writer, but of a creative worker in a very different field—Joseph Conrad. A certain bizarreness in the shape of sentences and the usage of words, as though the writer were speaking in a slightly foreign accent—a certain *coiledness* of exposition, a curiously wrought atmosphere of oppressed but expectant stillness—herein lie the stylistic resemblances between the two diverse giants: but behind them there lies, it seems to me, a profound similarity of ethical and emotional make-up. Both combine an extreme and restless subtlety in analyzing the affairs of mankind with an unquestioning, almost unintellectual, placidity in face of the ruling forces of the Universe. Both hold up continuously for our especial admiration those primitive virtues of rugged determination, resourcefulness, steadfastness, and endurance which nature as intellectual as these two are often tempted to undervalue. Perhaps Conrad over-idealized his sea-captains, and Marshall his captains of industry—I think a student nurtured only on the "Principles" and "Industry and Trade" would run some risks of disillusionment the first time he met a business man in the flesh. But there is something deeply impressive about the austere vision, which these two great

writers seem to share, of the Soul of Man kept upright amidst unimaginable pitfalls and complications by unswerving courage and fidelity to elemental moral rules. I would hazard a guess that Marshall and Conrad between them use that word "fidelity" more frequently than all other modern English writers put together.

Of the unpublished fragments there is not much to be said: the old prophet had gathered most of his sheaves into his three big barns, and there was not much left for Professor Pigou to glean. Of the letters, many are interesting, and some have much charm: and some passages in them, coupled with some passages in the memoirs, suggest a reflection which, while at first sight it seems disparaging, adds in reality to one's estimate of the stature of the man. I think one gets the impression that Marshall was not *naturally* a person of exceptionally good judgment—that there was a certain perilous waywardness, almost freakishness, about his reaction to the world. It is all the greater tribute to his indomitable industry and self-discipline that in the subject which he made his own he should have constructed not only such a powerful engine of analysis, but such a full and rich treasure-house of *practical* wisdom.

How will posterity estimate his work? There is a touch of irony in the fact that, already before his death, severe blows had been dealt to his favourite motto of Continuity, *Natura non facit saltum*, in those fields both of biology and physics from which he drew his illuminating analogies. Perhaps in the sphere of economics as well there is more room for leaps than he supposed. But it is hard to believe that in any foreseeable span of time economists will cease to use his weapons, and certain that they will not cease to honour his memory and to prize his example.

D. H. ROBERTSON.

THE NAVY THROUGH FOREIGN EYES

With the British Battle-Fleet: War Recollections of a Russian Naval Officer. By Commodore G. VON SCHOULTZ. (Hutchinson, 24s.)

FROM 1915 to 1918 Commodore von Schoultz, now Commander-in-Chief of the Finnish Navy, served as Russian Attaché to the Grand Fleet. His book reveals him as not only a keen and intelligent student of his profession, but an acute and impartial observer, with a rare power of preserving his critical detachment while entering sympathetically and wholeheartedly into the life of the British Navy. It is this combination of an independent standpoint with first-hand knowledge that gives his book its chief value.

It cannot be said that Commodore von Schoultz throws any fresh light on the Jutland controversy; his criticisms follow familiar lines, and in one or two instances his information seems to have been imperfect. With regard to the general direction of the war at sea, his attitude was naturally coloured by his desire for an early decision in the North Sea, which would enable the British Navy to make itself felt in the Baltic, and he is strongly critical of what he regards as the unenterprising strategy of the Admiralty. It is worth noting that he condemns the blockade policy of the Allies as illegal, cruel, and iniquitous.

What distinguishes his work from most of the books recently published on the war at sea is that his criticisms, while clearly and incisively expressed, are never undiscriminating or partizan. He supports, in general, the conclusions of the Fisher and Beatty schools; but he is obviously sincere in his admiration of Lord Jellicoe's great qualities as a commander. He criticizes sharply British conservatism in technical matters of construction and tactics; but his tribute to the discipline, self-devotion, and general professional competence of officers and men is neither rhetorical nor perfunctory.

Apart from its technical interest, the book is excellent reading. Commodore von Schoultz is sensitive to impressions, and can record them vividly. His pictures of life at sea and at the base, of battle, and of London in war-time have life and colour with no feeling of overstrain. His naval hosts, the marine allotted to him as servant, the policeman with whom he talked on the night of an air-raid, stand out from the canvas. It may be added that he has been fortunate in his translator.

C. E. F.

FICTION

The Madonna of the Barricades. By J. ST. LOE STRACHEY.
(Cape. 7s. 6d.)

The Sailor's Return. By DAVID GARNETT. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

Andrew Bride of Paris. By HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON.
(Constable. 6s.)

HISTORICAL fiction, being a joint convention, may resemble, ideally considered, those excellent marriages favoured by heaven which result in a superior spiritual unity. In the emotional English novel, history has been too often a passive, ill-treated drudge. The French Revolution, as we conjure it in fiction, consists, for instance, of an English lord, a lovely foreigner, aristocratic to the finger-tips, a blood-thirsty mob delaying the consummation of true love, and providential escapes from dungeon and circular knife. Purchasing a standardized framework, Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey has given us, by ready-made means, what is evidently favourite knowledge of the crucial year '48, and an admirable survey of social and revolutionary unrest which is applicable to the present day. The young aristocrat, George Chertsey, is a convenient medium, for his interest in European conditions, being educational, or rather a matter of caste, keeps him more or less a commentator. Fortunately, the future Lord Chertsey is made to meet Prince Napoleon riding in Rotten Row, Thackeray in the mild Cave of Harmony, Karl Marx in a nervous rage, Lamartine at a splendid moment, and other historic personages: the episodes are so vivid, memorable, and excellently staged, that it is obvious that they have been thought out or pictured separately and for their own sake. From the mere point of view of character, it is unfortunate that Chertsey is used as a pawn by Carlotta, the young Venetian aristocrat who has devoted her life to the cause of her country's freedom from Austrian tyranny. Influenced by this astonishing maiden, Chertsey is swept into the secret society of the Carbonari, but we can hardly sympathize with him behind the Parisian barricades in that fatal June, since green sickness is scarcely a recognizable excuse for killing other people. Carlotta, the Madonna of the Barricades, amazon, saint, patriot and fanatic, despite her beauty and bravery, can hardly carry us away with enthusiasm, since Mr. Strachey may be observed, very calmly, constructing her intellectual character. When Mr. Strachey, at last, is moved by his platonic young lovers, he quickly takes refuge behind the formula of very, very providential escape, packs George off to England with a sensible wife, and bundles his warrior-maiden into a convent, the latter action being too romantically in accordance with the Latin temperament to be quite convincing. Historically, the book is full of mellow political observation and what may be called statistical wisdom, though the imputed influence of the Carbonari on the communistic rising of '48 seems obviously undue. There is, too, the splendid surety of style.

Inevitably the little tale of "Boitelle," by De Maupassant, in which the perplexity of a simple young man who arrived in his native village with an African lady of dusky complexion, is lightly summed up, turned to tragedy, and dismissed, comes to mind on opening Mr. Garnett's new book. William Targett retires from seafaring, in the middle of the last century, with a negress for wife, to wit, a little Princess of Dahomey, and out of her dowry acquires a country tavern. The attitude of his relatives and neighbours, offended in their most Christian sentiments, the childlike animism of his little black wife, are neatly played off with an ironic touch. But Mr. Garnett, as formerly, is so happy in his naïve style, which, by its flavour of Defoe, makes the story seem delightfully anachronistic, that he forgets that a wonder lasts only nine days. So to save the story from petering out, he is compelled to kill off William and end with abrupt tragedy. The appropriate woodcut is always enjoyable, for it points out that in his quasi-realistic fantasies, Mr. Garnett achieves by nice cunning of mind and as limited means an effect of apparent simplicity.

To those who have read "Queed," which, if we remember aright, was a satisfactory example of the elder American novel in which the dollar is gradually dissolved in the soft flame of romance, Mr. Sydnor Harrison's latest book will be a surprise. It is, in fact, a *jeu d'esprit*, a good-natured satire on advanced American intellectualism. Andrew

Bride, critic of the coteries, wrings the neck of the homely eagle and arrives on the "European scene." Mr. Harrison makes his æsthete fall in love with a patriotic hundred-per-cent. American woman, Mary Jackson, and so sets a snare for our sentimentality. Ultimately, by a ridiculous mistake, Andrew is hailed by the American newspaper world as a two-hundred-per-cent. patriot. He is, however, courageous enough to recognize his own real nature, despite ironical events, and returns to Ohio with the matriarchal Mary, who has a factory of some sort and no time for Marcel Proust.

AN ATTRACTIVE PERSONALITY

The Confessions of a Capitalist. By ERNEST J. P. BENN.
(Hutchinson. 18s.)

A CAREFUL reading of this entertaining book reveals that Sir Ernest Benn is not, in fact, what he claims to be. He describes himself as a capitalist, but he is really a business man, working mainly with other people's capital. He professes to be a ruthless fellow, putting down the bald truth without regard for art or style, but he shows himself to be a skilful writer, fully capable of hiding the weak points in his case behind an apt illustration, or of discounting criticism by a frank admission. He represents himself as typical of his class, though he knows very well that not one out of ten thousand of the business men whom he extols could have written this book, or would agree with half the things he says in it. The book is indeed an excellent account and defence of the business life of its author, and most people would agree with the Red Queen that if all business men were like Sir Ernest Benn (assuming, that is, that Sir Ernest is as he appears in this book) "the world would go round a great deal faster."

This is an unsatisfactory conclusion from our author's point of view, because as "an unrepentant believer in private enterprise" he tells his story with the object of provoking discussion of his social and economic theories. Unfortunately, from this point of view, he has made his own personality so amusing that one is much more inclined to discuss that than the somewhat exaggerated individualism in which he professes to believe. The charm of the book lies in such revealing passages as this:—

"As I walk to the station in the morning, I light a pipe of tobacco. I look at my pouch and consider how suitably I am supplied with tobacco, how much I shall need before I return home at night, and this is the sort of mental process through which I go:—

"You want some tobacco—No, you don't—You've a couple of pipe-fulls—One after lunch—One on the way home—You're smoking too much, my boy—The doctor says it's not good for you—If you buy a shilling's worth of tobacco you'll only smoke more and waste a shilling—Put that away and it'll be 2s. in twenty years—Two shillings will be of much more use to your kids than a shilling's worth of tobacco to you—All right, I'll have my two pipes and wait till to-morrow—I don't know—I've got a lot to do and I may as well be comfortable—This pipe tastes rather nice—Somebody may borrow a pipe-full and then I shan't have one to come home with—What's the good of saving a shilling?—It only means more income-tax—And then I'd forgotten, there's that Capital Levy. . . ."

One is supposed to deduce the social value of saving and the viciousness of taxation from this sort of thing, but the interest of the individual problem swallows up the general problem, and the reader wants to know "why poor Sir Ernest Benn shouldn't have three pipe-fulls if he wants them?" The answer to that question is clear enough:—

"The injustice of stigmatizing me with a £10,000 income is the more cruel having regard to the fact that a very large proportion of this money never comes into my hands at all. . . . Almost half my income goes in direct taxation. The official income-tax, 4s. 6d.; super-tax, graduated up to 5s. . . . Another big slice is taken from me through local imposts and indirect taxation."

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THE HISTORICAL SIDE OF BUILDING

A Short History of the Building Crafts. By MARTIN S. BRIGGS. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 8s. 6d.)

THIS book is a series of lectures and articles on the crafts brought together into book form, and has the advantages and disadvantages of its kind. The author, referring to brick-making in the Egyptian Army during the war, says: "The chopped straw used as forage for our transport-animals then was the same chopped straw the Children of Israel needed to give toughness to their sun-dried bricks. Without it the friable Nile mud crumbles in time." Mud-cakes naturally dried have always been a stock building material, and bricks to-day could be used for cottage building without being fired if some artificial element such as straw was added. In a "clamp" before the firing begins they carry great weights, and well plastered would probably outlast many Weir houses and dry moulded concrete walls. The historical investigation of brickwork has a special bearing to-day. The modern large machine-made brick of northern and midland England is merely a case-hardened mud block able to carry weight, but proving itself finally unable to resist the weather. It is also ugly. Housing schemes in brick built in the seventies and eighties of last century in Leeds and Newcastle can be seen crumbling away, and the machine-made bricks from the Peterboro' clays, useful for carrying weight, are generally recognized as useless for facing. There seems indeed a connection between weather-resistance and a decent appearance in the matter of brickwork. The brick has a double origin, the mud block referred to above and the baked tile used at first for protecting the mud block. The Romans used both baked and unbaked varieties and had different terms and regulations for each. But as their building technique improved their baked brick became narrower and more and more a tile in character, and their mortar joint widened. Our building technique in the nineteenth century was the reverse of this—the brick was increased in size and the mortar joint narrowed, although the mortar increased in efficiency. The result was ugliness without—as it now turns out—durability; the Dutch preserved the narrow tile shape of their bricks, and to-day Dutch bricks are largely imported into England both for appearance and weather resistance. The appreciation of brick texture as something of true value both structural and artistic was taught by the Art Workers' Guild. Mr. Briggs's chapter on brickwork is disappointing in his references to modern problems. The book is said upon the cover "to link ancient architecture with modern building construction." Mr. Briggs has omitted to point out the lesson of the Ostia excavations. At Ostia it is evident that the Romans knew well how to use bricks as an external finish without a plaster skin, and use them for all modern purposes. Briefly, the lesson of Ostia is that a single tile unit easily subdivided by the bricklayer can be used for wall surfaces, for arches of every curve, for the carrying of staircases, for floors, and roof coverings. The Roman unit was, of course, the large *tegula bipedales*, about 23in. square and 2in. thick, divisible both on the square and diagonally by a blow from the bricklayer's trowel, and thus adaptable for many structural purposes. Some such unit is badly wanted to-day for cheap building. Probably in some thirty years via America the Ostia excavations will begin to influence English technique.

Mr. Briggs denies that the Roman concrete was a true concrete, and points out the difference between the modern method of thoroughly mixing aggregate and matrix, and the Roman method of layers. But the Romans joined their layers by stones specially spaced. The term concrete has a wider historical reference than he allows it. Concrete is a process of moulding as distinct from masonry, which is a process of piling up. The Romans were able to mould because of the geological gift of pozzolana, which provided a "joint" as strong as the stone unit, and provided, therefore, a material plastic up to a point. This fact, in conjunction with the use of tile arches, produced the vault and dome construction of the Romans. They reinforced concrete with an arch skeleton system. To-day we reinforce concrete with a beam skeleton system. Here also there is a valuable reference. The intention in designing skeleton or frame structures is that they shall be, and shall look, jointless or monolithic. Not the wall and the "course," but the beam, the post, and the panel, are the elements that exist, and

should be expressed and humanized. In a modern city street like Regent Street the failure is a failure to find a true artistic expression for a masonry skin, and for the concentration of load upon points. Yet the panel and the monolith have a whole aesthetic of their own, worked out in the anti-earthquake styles of Egypt, Greece, and Christian Syria, as well as in our own "Perpendicular" or "Royal Chapel" structures. In Greek Doric of the market place the relationship of the column to the triglyph (viewed artistically) is a relationship giving an obvious clue to the modern artistic problem. Another clue is given in the Greek term for marble masonry—*harmonia*, or fitting together. It is a pity some of our most distinguished scholars still rusticate the legs of their shops, and prefer to express a monolith by the appearance of a pile of stones.

EARLY CHINESE POTTERY

Catalogue of the George Eumorfopoulos Collection of Chinese, Korean, and Persian Pottery and Porcelain. By R. L. HOBSON. Vol. I.—From the Chou to the End of the T'ang Dynasty. (Benn. £12 12s.)

THE name of Mr. George Eumorfopoulos is perhaps not very familiar to the public, but the *cognoscenti* associate it with the finest collection of early Chinese pottery in existence—and that means with the art of China in its supreme manifestation, and with the finest manifestation of this particular art that the world has ever known. In a modest but charming preface to this sumptuous volume, Mr. Eumorfopoulos relates the story of his collection: how he began as far back as 1891 to collect European porcelain, how the evident superiority of the East in this art was gradually revealed to him, and then how, with the rapid increase of our knowledge of Chinese ceramics, his taste veered towards the earlier wares, of which his collection now mainly consists.

The introduction of such wares to Europe is of comparatively recent date: it was only in 1906 that Mr. Eumorfopoulos first saw a few specimens of the tomb figures which are now to be found in every collection. The first exhibition of early Chinese pottery was that held by the Burlington Fine Arts Club in 1910, and this contained but few specimens of the Han (206 B.C.—A.D. 220) and T'ang (618-906) dynasties. The intervening period was still mysterious, and indeed it is only in the last few years that cemeteries of the Six Dynasties have been opened up and their contents sent to Europe. With the progress of discovery it has been necessary to establish a process of reasoning and research, and no one has contributed more materially to this process than Mr. Eumorfopoulos. His large and systematic collection is, as Mr. Hobson says, "an ideal ground for the study of Chinese ceramics." And no one has so thoroughly exploited this ground as Mr. Hobson himself: the latest proof of his scholarship is found in the introduction to, and *raisonnement* of, this catalogue. The subject abounds, as is natural, in difficult problems, and though we cannot enter here into their detail, we may express a conviction that Mr. Hobson's position in these academic disputes is always an eminently reasonable one. For the general public, however, precise questions of scholarship are of little interest. But there are two aspects of a work like this which are of more general significance. In the first place, we see how from a carefully constructed sequence in an art like this of the potter, so perdurable and so impressionable, a light is thrown on to problems of a wider ethnological import. It now becomes evident, for example, that Chinese art is not the isolated phenomenon we have so long thought it; it bears the unmistakable signs of Hellenistic, Iranian, and Scytho-Siberian influences. East and West, so long regarded as an antithesis in art as in everything else, begin to wear the aspect of a unity. The true antithesis, as Professor Strzygowski has for some time insisted, is rather between North and South—an idea that might long ago have been suggested by *a priori* and purely materialistic considerations. The other general interest of this collection is aesthetic; Mr. Eumorfopoulos confesses that "archaeological appeal alone has never induced me to acquire an object: to enter my collection it was indispensable that it should at the same time appeal to me esthetically in some way or another." This is a proud claim, but it is abundantly supported by the beautiful objects so worthily reproduced in this catalogue.

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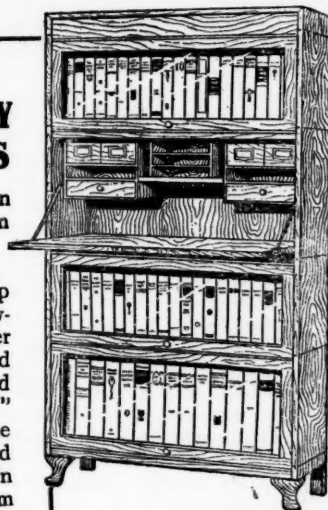
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REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

THE "Fortnightly Review" publishes three articles bearing on the Mosul question. Mr. Dudley Heathcote, in "Mosul and the Turks," examines the foundations of the Turkish claim, questions whether "the apparent grim resolve of the Turks to hold on to Mosul, irrespective of any odds, is as genuine as it appears," and concludes with strongly expressed approval of Mr. Amery's attitude at Geneva. In "Turkey in Revolution," Mr. Maxwell Macartney discusses the forcibly civilizing influence of Mustapha Kemal Pasha, and in the same magazine Mr. Hugh Spender (in an article full of the bright local colour now apparently expected from a journalist in Geneva, describes a not very enlightening interview with Munir Bey, Rushdi Bey's second-in-command. Mr. H. Charles Woods, in the "Contemporary Review," gives a more detailed study of the home and foreign policy of Turkey under Mustapha Kemal. Mr. Woods's account, particularly with regard to Turkish finance, is more optimistic than Mr. Macartney's, but both writers agree as to the unlimited power of Mustapha Kemal, and the ephemeral nature of the modern movement "should anything happen to him." Mr. George Glasgow ("Contemporary Review") writes as entertainingly as usual on the same subject.

Mr. Hector Bywater writes in the "Nineteenth Century" on "Japanese Naval Policy," and the Rev. A. M. Chirgwin has an article in the same journal on "The Anti-Christian Movement in China." There is a paper by Mr. Robert Machray in the "Fortnightly" on "Poland and Czechoslovakia," and in the "Contemporary Review" Dr. Heinrich Kanner discusses "A Central European Federation." Mr. Robert Crozier Long writes on "Russia's Recovery Programme" in the "Fortnightly Review."

"The Failure of Force: Education's Opportunity," by Mr. C. H. P. Mayo, in the "Nineteenth Century," is an enthusiastic plea for new ideals in post-war education. "Movies and Morals," by Mr. Carleton Kemp, in the "Quarterly Review," is a detailed study of the present state of the cinema. The writer deplors the pre-eminence of American films, on patriotic grounds, and because of their pernicious effect on the youth of this country. In "The Cinema in Education: Some Psychological Considerations" ("Contemporary"), Miss Barbara Low examines the arguments for and against the use of the cinema in education.

The Right Hon. F. D. Acland and Mr. Harold Spender contribute articles to the "Contemporary Review" on "The New Land Reform Proposals," and Mr. Christopher Turnor deals with the same subject in the "Nineteenth Century."

Major-General Sir Frederick Sykes, writing in "The Edinburgh Review" on "Air Power and Policy," appears to be convinced that "Public Opinion" is the greatest strategist we have. It is regrettable that with such opportunities as he has, General Sykes puts forward few new ideas, and the old ones have been expressed with more clarity.

The "Review of English Studies," that excellently produced and scholarly quarterly, completes its first volume with the present number. The article of most general interest is "A Bath Poetess," by Mr. Oswald Doughty. This Mary Chandler, a humble contemporary of Pope, had uncommon courage, and the common sense of her century. For when her circumstances offered no kind of satisfaction to her natural emotions, she "entered into the vegetable diet," and reduced them to a level, anæmic and easily managed.

The November number of "The Calendar of Modern Letters" is an excellent one. It contains, among other things, an essay by Mr. E. M. Forster, a short story by Pirandello, translated by Mr. Scott Moncrieff, and the Reminiscences of Madame Dostoevsky.

"The Year's Photography" (the exhibition number of the "Photographer's Journal") shows that many photographers still cling to the unlucky theory that a photograph becomes a picture if the subject is placed a little out of focus, but some of the studies of birds are attractive, and "Reconditioning the Victory" is a good composition.

This month's "Adelphi" is notable for poems by Mr. Thomas Hardy and Mr. Edmund Blunden.

The "Cornhill Magazine" publishes in "The Weli of Sheikh Nuran" the first of a new series of stories by Major-General Sir George MacMunn.

Mr. John Thomason, in "Scribner's Magazine," produces another example of the amazing American war tale.

COMPANY MEETING.

DENABY & CADEBY MAIN COLLIERIES.

Government Subvention to Wages.

The annual meeting of the Denaby and Cadeby Main Collieries, Ltd., was held on the 2nd inst., at Cannon Street Hotel, E.C. Mr. J. Leslie, D.S.O., M.C. (Chairman and Managing Director), presided.

The Chairman, in the course of his address, after referring to some salient points in the report, dealt with the conditions of work and wages of the men employed at Denaby and Cadeby.

The average wage per coal face worker, which includes fillers, he said, was 17s. 6d. per shift of seven hours throughout the year. The average time spent at the coal face was 5½ hours per shift. £46,000 was lost in wages in the year through wilful absenteeism by the coal face workers, or an average of 10s. per week per man employed. The average wage of other underground workers was 10s. 6d. per day and of surfacemen 9s. 6d. All workmen who are householders receive coals at 1s. 6d. per ton, plus cartage. 80,000 shifts, or days' work were lost by all employees, through wilfully absenting themselves, though work was offered. As you probably know, the men's wages are on a sliding scale based on the proceeds from the sales of the particular area in which they are situated. This abstention from work, though quite normal in South Yorkshire, lost us some 200,000 tons of coal, and affected our proceeds and on-costs by probably £30,000. This loss of proceeds directly contributed to lowering the men's wages. It is a great hardship that by absenteeism those who do not want to work should be able to depress the wages of those who do. The figures I have given you for coal face workers' absenteeism are at least 50 per cent. higher than the average in America—I quote the findings of the United States Coal Commission, which is just published. An improvement in attendance would benefit all concerned.

Speaking of the difficulties existing in the export trades, he said: There has existed a big lag in real wages behind the depreciation in certain European currencies, with the result that the Continental cost of mining coal has been some 5s. per ton below the British cost when calculated in external gold values. This has enabled France, Germany, and Belgium to produce coal on very advantageous terms. If the course of the franc and dollar exchange with sterling be examined over 12 months from June, 1924, it will be found that the 10 per cent. rise in sterling prior to the return to gold has raised the c.i.f. price of coal 2s. per ton to most of our foreign clients, without giving us so far any corresponding fall in production or transportation costs in this country. It is extremely detrimental to the transaction of all export business until such fall becomes a *fait accompli*, and internal costs are lowered to meet external gold values. The stabilisation of French and Belgian currencies, followed by a rise in their internal costs, would greatly assist us.

THE SUBVENTION.

The incidence of the Subvention is particularly objectionable to South Yorkshire. For certain of our coal markets we come into competition with Durham, Lancashire, and Wales. Up to the present the Subvention in these counties has been considerably more per ton than the amount received in South Yorkshire. This has the effect of bolstering up the poorer districts with whom we have to compete by enabling them to reduce their selling prices. The one merit, however, of the present Subvention has been the regaining of certain markets from Germany in the near Continental ports by our export collieries. What the position will be after May 1, when the Government Subvention terminates, nobody can forecast. The market price for industrial coal to-day is shillings per ton below the economic cost of production, whilst the taxpayer pays the difference. In conclusion, he said he wished to emphasise that the financial losses to the company and its workmen were due to wilful absenteeism, because unless between them they were able to maintain the lowest cost of production there was a danger that a seam or pit would have to close, followed by unemployment.

The report and accounts were unanimously carried.

In responding to a cordial vote of thanks to the board and management for their services during the difficult period under review, the Chairman said that after his observations about absenteeism in South Yorkshire, he did not want the shareholders to think that they had not in their employ the best workmen they could possibly get—the Yorkshire miner took a lot of beating—but the directors were trying to impress upon them that they could, by their own efforts, improve their own standard of living and that of their wives, sisters, and children, if they could only put their backs into their labour and work more regularly. That, indeed, was what was wanted in every trade. (Hear, hear.)

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

GOOD HARVESTS—COAL PRICES—VAUXHALL MOTORS—RUBBER.

A FAIR question to put to economic and financial experts at the present time is whether there has been a sufficient change in the condition of trade to warrant a sustained upward movement in industrial securities or whether the recent Stock Exchange activity was merely the result of easy money and a 4 per cent. Bank rate, and its more recent reaction the result of dearer money and a depreciating franc. A firm of brokers on the London Stock Exchange, in their November report to clients, point out that the effects of Locarno are less immediate than those of good European harvests. Record harvests have been secured in Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Italy, Yugoslavia, and Roumania, and plentiful crops in Scandinavia. The increase in the grain crops in Russia is estimated at no less than 95 per cent. Bigger harvests mean increased wealth widely distributed, from which follows increased expenditure on food, clothing, and manufactured goods. It does not appear, however, that the effect of good European harvests, simultaneous with only moderate crops in the United States, is what the Stock Exchange has been discounting. The upward movement in industrial securities coincided rather with a decrease in the number of unemployed and a better tone in home industrial reports, even in the big export industries, such as cotton textiles and iron and steel.

Is this improvement in trade likely to be sustained or has the Stock Exchange gone ahead of the potentialities of the trade situation? The Federation of British Industries forecasts a new period of expanding world trade, but the situation at home is by no means clear. The improvement in iron and steel may be merely the passing effect of cheaper "subsidized" coal, enabling iron and steel manufacturers to lower their quotations. The coal subsidy, however, cannot last for ever. What is to happen next May if it is then removed and, as a result of the Royal Commission's findings, the prices of coal advance? Mr. Leslie, at the meeting of Denaby and Cadeby Main Collieries, Ltd., made the striking point that the incidence of the coal subsidy was unfair, seeing that up to the present the subvention in Durham, Lancashire, and Wales has been considerably more per ton than that received in South Yorkshire, and that this has the effect of merely bolstering up the poorer districts. The market price for industrial coal to-day, he added, was shillings per ton below the economic cost of production, and the taxpayer pays the difference. Moreover, there is still the discrepancy between sterling and European prices expressed in terms of gold. Sir Alfred Mond, at the general meeting of Amalgamated Anthracite Collieries, Ltd. (which shows a gratifying increase in its export business), stated that the cost of their exports to European countries has been increased by at least 10 per cent. Mr. Leslie, whom we quote again, said that the Continental cost of mining coal has been 5s. per ton below the British cost when calculated in external gold values: and that the 10 per cent. rise in sterling prior to the return to gold has raised the c.i.f. price of coal 2s. per ton to most of our foreign customers without giving us so far any corresponding fall in production or transportation costs at home. What evidence is there to show that internal costs have been lowered sufficiently to meet external gold values? Professor Gustav Cassel in the last quarterly report of Scandinaviska Kreditaktiebolaget argues that the internal purchasing power of the pound sterling was only 3 per cent. lower than that of the gold dollar last April, and that the sub-

sequent fall in wholesale prices has already wiped out this discrepancy. We agree with the TIMES in doubting if the necessary downward adjustment of prices has yet been effected. If that view be accepted our conclusion is that the appreciation in coal, iron, and steel shares went too fast.

* * *

Vauxhall Motors was apparently one of the five companies which, as we stated in THE NATION of October 3rd, made requests to the General Motors for an arrangement similar to that offered to the Austin Motor Company. Association with General Motors means that the Vauxhall Motors will become one of the largest manufacturers of motor-cars for export in this country. It is idle to pretend that this achievement would be possible without the help of the American group. Mere finance is not all that is required. The grander the prospects before the company with the General Motors behind it, the more loath, however, were some shareholders to exchange their ordinary shares for 6 per cent. Cumulative preference shares, even with the cash payment of 7s. per 10s. share. Yet the shareholder cannot have it both ways. Now that the amalgamation is approved, the new 7 per cent. Mortgage Debenture stock of the Vauxhall Motors becomes decidedly attractive. This stock, issued at 95, stands at 2-3 premium, and can only be picked up at present in small quantities.

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Under the existing provisions of the rubber restriction scheme a further 10 per cent. release was sanctioned on November 1st. This allows 85 per cent. of the standard production to be exported at the minimum rate of duty. In supplement of our statement of the rubber position last week, we would add some remarks on the selection of rubber shares. It is not always a fair test to take the market capitalization per planted acre. Obviously, for the layman, who does not know the yield of rubber per acre, that figure would mean little or nothing. Over 500 lbs. an acre is a high yield, which is not often encountered. The "standard" yield for purposes of restriction of 400 lbs. per acre, is not always realizable, even in good yielding districts, if there are difficulties of labour. It may be taken as a general guide that the yields per acre are highest in the centre of the Federated Malay States, viz., in the districts of Selangor, Sembilan, and North Johore, but that they deteriorate to the north and south of this area. In the south of Johore they are generally poor. In Sumatra they are fair, better than in Java, and in Ceylon they are quite good, but the estates are generally tea-cum-rubber. Another point is that where a share is above par the holding by the company of investments outside the rubber-producing estate, for example, in gilt-edged or other securities, increases the figure of "market" capitalization per acre. At the present level of the rubber share market it is rare to find a good company whose rubber acreage is valued at under £150 per acre. With these tests in mind we have picked out the following companies for investment purposes, namely, United Serdang, London Asiatic, and Sungei Buaya. These estates are situated, the first on the east coast of Sumatra, the second in the centre of the Federated Malay States and in Burmah, and the third in Sumatra.

	Last Year's Crop.	Av. Price obtained.	Av. Cost.	Dividend.	Price of Share.
United Serdang ...	3,403,510	1/4.64	9.25	12½%	4.11'25
London Asiatic ...	2,113,097	1/2.67	9.58	10%	7/3
Sungei Buaya ...	730,045	1/10.54	8.67	20%	6/9 £3

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